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LONDON
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Swache

LADY PIGOTT-BROWN AND HER SON

Six-year-old Sir William Pigott-Brown is the third baronet, having succeeded his father, Sir John Hargreaves Pigott-Brown, who was killed in action with the Coldstream Guards in 1942. Lady Pigott-Brown was before her marriage Miss Helen Egerton-Cotton, only daughter of Major Gilbert Egerton-Cotton, a relative of Viscount Combermere, of Leominster, Herefordshire. Sir William lives with his mother at Broome Hall, Holmwood, Surrey



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



The Old Original

As the big, beetle-browed waiter tramped across to the little feller's table (he was sitting alone) it was clear to one and all honest citizens and feeders that trouble was in the air; this little feller, we thought—and knew—is going to be thrown out on account of he can't pay his bill; he's a bilker; he's eaten enough for three, and he can't pay his bill. He's a mean little crook—or maybe he was hungry. Anyways he is going to be thrown out. Which is precisely what happened, with considerable manhandling and a bead of oaths as long and taut and strong as a suspension bridge and the big waiter coming back dusting off his pants with hands as red and rumpy as the rear end of a bull at stud.

If there'd been one paying feeder in the place who'd been half a man, he would have got up and smacked that waiter one for using roughness, violence and near-mayhem on a guy he could've put in his pocket and still had to search around in it for his small change; but they were all quartermen (or just plain quarters), and the waiter was a man and a half with black, shiny eyes like this Gorgon you hear about at school, or was it snakes she had in her hair? No matter.

Come about five minutes, I'd finished my meal and paid off at the desk with the waiter breathing hard down the back of my neck and hoping maybe I'd slip over a bad coin, or try ringing the changes on this new girl in the cashier's pen which I freely admit was a temptation—but it passed, it passed.

THE little feller, this one that'd eaten for three and paid for none (in cash, that is), was ten yards up the street leaning hard against a lamp-post trying to fit in the jigsaw puzzle of his dentures, which had suffered much hurt. One eye was closed, with the old purple sage growing thick all around and the other was in poorish shape and threatening worse. In our town they don't sweep the sidewalks too often; but he'd altered at least part of that and, all in all, was looking as if he'd had a very rugged trip indeed. Which he had. Of that I assure you.

Well, I said to him, that wasn't nice.

He said—and I'm translating now—No, that wasn't at all nice, mister, but it's kind of you to recognize same and I see you are a man of sympathy for the under-dog, which makes me believe you would be interested in my story.

Do you want to borrow any money, want somewhere to rest your poor head for the night, or want to try your hand at running off with my wife? Do you want any of these things? I said.

There was worn dignity in his voice when he answered, No, I want none of these things from you. But I do want your ear. I want your ear so that I may tell my sad story.

So I said, Huh, well, I'm a man with a stony heart—but there's a crack in it, so you can tell me your sad story although I think we would be better advised to sit it out on a park bench where you can rest your bruised bones, and I can take the weight off my feet.

So there we sat and it was a fine day with the sun shining and little puffball clouds hopping across the blue of the sky and the leaves on the trees shaking and shivering with the first touch of autumn wind. The mashed-up condition of the little feller's face did not disguise from me the traces of some breeding over and above the Heinz variety and there was still a touch of quality about

his clothes although they had been re-treaded once or twice in places.

Commence, I said.

It all arose (he said) from a small ad. I saw in the *Newford Bugle and Plaindealer*. I have the cutting of this ad. right with me now and it reads as follows:

£10,000 Reward. Lost, a large black shaggy dog answering the name of Thomas. Brown eyes, big paws, no collar. Property of a millionaire named Overpeck Underpeck, The Grange, South Newford.

Now you understand (he went on) that I was the Newford postmaster and knew of this Underpeck, although I'd never seen him any more than had the rest of the town. Retiring man, very secretive and very fond of dogs. Well then, here's this ad. I am reading while I am walking home latish on a Friday night. Town wasn't well lit and the paths were makeshift and rough on the footwear. I was thinking, Could I use that £10,000? when on a sudden a big black hairy quadruped came hurtling, very fast, from between a couple of bungalows. Mister, they say the brain works very quickly at times. This I believe. That dog might have covered a couple of yards before I was on him. I say might. I mean I don't think he did. I'd got him round the middle in a crush-hold that squeezed ribs, stopped circulation and brought spots before the eyes. He struggled a bit and then gave up. No living dog could have gotten out of that hold. It was worth £10,000 to me, and not worth a fight to him. Inside ten minutes I had him back at my place. Boy, was he shaggy! Couldn't see whether his eyes were brown or light blue until you'd parted the thick strands of hair that hung down over them. Paws? Why these paws were like soup-plates, big soup-plates. He'd no collar on and when I called him "Thomas" his tail wagged like a night-judge's finger after a May Day duffy.

I took it very calmly (the little feller went on). I sat down and thought and thought and thought what I'd do with the money that was coming to me in big, healthy, juicy wads.

Maybe I'd marry. Late in life, I grant you; but show me a woman who'd worry about that when

the guy proposing is rich. I'd travel. I'd stop being a postmaster which same job in twenty years had put just £400 in the bank for me. New clothes. Luscious, splendid, rare foods. An aeroplane ride. A seat on the Elks committee. Maybe I'd run for mayor.

At this point Thomas was looking very friendly, but very hungry. Mister, would you be mean with a dog—a dog worth £10,000 that is? Seems to me you wouldn't. I gave Thomas my dinner, a fine rump steak which he wolfed down in six seconds dead. I cleaned out the larder for that hound, every darned thing I could find and he'd eat. And then I settled him down for the night. I took him up to my bedroom, locked the door and spread the overcover and a blanket out for him. Did I mind about being cold? Would you mind about being cold with £10,000 snoring peacefully on the floor beside you? Mister, I say you wouldn't.

I did not open the post office at the reg'lar time next day. Instead I was hoofing it hard for South Newford and Master Thomas's ever-loving owner. There was air under my feet and a song bursting to get out of my heart and into my throat as I trotted up the long, gravelled drive which led to the house. Up the steps we bounded, Thomas and me, and pulled long and hard at the big iron bell-pull.

THEY took a long time to answer, what time Thomas was sniffing around the portico very familiar-like. Then, finally, a very monstrous old sour-puss opens the door, a woman so big she could have taken on Jack Dempsey, whipped him and still be knitting two-purl-one-plain with her free hand. She said: If you're wanting Mr. Underpeck, he's left; left last night for New York, staying at the Waldorf-Astoria, Suite 7,000. But, I said, I've brought his dog, Thomas, back. Got him right here.

She said she didn't know anything about any dog, had only been engaged as housekeeper and janitor at the last moment and for me to get the hell out of it.

Can I use your phone, I said, and ring this Underpeck and let him know I've got his dog, Thomas.

Don't you get fresh with me, she said; and puts out a hand like a pancake and pushes my face so far back my body has to follow it, me landing on the gravelled path with Thomas licking my face.

Well, friend, I am not the man you can discourage so easy. I went back downtown, took my money out of the bank, closed the post office for good and lit out for New York by the next available train.

Aboard train they claimed half-fare for Thomas and in three days travelling he'd eaten them out of almost all they'd got so they charged me double fare as well, making it no cheap trip. Then in New York these taxi-jockeys got very nasty about Thomas and soaked me hard, stating that a dog as shaggy as that was leaving hair all over the upholstery. These characters became most rude and violent when I suggested they could use the hair for stuffing the seats, which were plainly in need of same, and one tipped me out at a cross-section where an Irish cop promptly hands me a ticket and a rap with his stick for walking where I shouldn't walk when I should run, or something. So come the time I get Thomas and me to the Waldorf-Astoria it is only the thought of that great, big, beautiful reward that is keeping me going.

At this hotel they were very unkind; but I was persistent and finally speak to reception while the bouncer is looking for me elsewhere. I asked reception: Is Mr. Underpeck in, please? I have his long-lost dog Thomas here and Mr. Underpeck is to pay me a sum of money for his return.

Reception stated: Mr. Underpeck left this morning. Caught the Queen Mary for England.

NOW, friend, England is a long, long way, only to be reached in ships and such-like and the fare would stagger you. But think of the reward! Did it matter if I spent every cent I'd got when this handsome fortune was surely waiting at the end of it? No, sir.

Well, down at the shipping office they fix me with a berth and accommodation for Thomas—same charge for both on account of Thomas's size. The journey was all right, no trouble at all, except I got mixed up in one little game of poker which lightened me grievously. Come the time when this port Southampton is in sight, a steward tips me off that Thomas will in no-wise be allowed

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Mm . . . tricky, very very tricky"

AN INCREASE IN PRICE

Since 1941 **THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER** has been selling at 1s. 6d. compared with 1s. before the war.

Costs of production have risen steeply since the beginning of the war and recently there have been further heavy increases.

To give only one example : paper is one of the biggest items of expenditure: and paper of the high quality used by **THE TATLER** now costs 150 per cent more than pre-war. Printing and other costs have risen in like proportion.

We are therefore again faced with the difficult choice of raising the price per issue or reducing the size. **THE TATLER** cannot be made smaller without destroying the balance of its contents; any further reduction in size would make it impossible to cover the wide range of subjects that make up its special character.

We have accordingly decided to increase the price as from October 1, to 2s., in the belief that this will meet with the approval of our readers who will regard the change as being as fair as it is unavoidable.

to go ashore with me but must go into quarantine and linger there for five and more months. A bold man fears nothing, friend, and a bold man who is broke fears even less. It was over the side for Thomas and me when night came on and I could see the lights all twinkling ashore. That swim was tough, and if Thomas hadn't been so shaggy I couldn't have made it for I was hanging on to him like glue to a blanket and him swimming strong and powerful for the shore.

We made it, friend, we made it; and then we tramped to London, following the signposts all the way. Why London? That was a hunch. If Underpeck stays in New York, he stays in London. Right? And if he stays at the Waldorf-Astoria, he stays at the Savoy. Right?

Now these flunkies at the Savoy seemingly don't like the look of me and Thomas, and a feller with legs like your grandmamma's piano takes his wig off and hoists the pair of us out of the place; but that came easy to me. I got reception all right, going through the hole where it said "Laundry" and claiming we were an act brought over by the President. At reception I stated: This is me and this is Thomas. We are wanting Mr. Underpeck of South Newford, U.S.A.

Reception said, Mr. Underpeck is occupying the bridal suite. Up you go—but mind that dog. Hereabouts we do not care for dogs—not big, shaggy dogs, that is.

Friend, I walked for forty minutes down corridors, up stairs and through doors and all the time the carpet is thicker and deeper than the cuff on father's pants. Come twelve o'clock, midday, when a sweet-chiming clock is giving out the hour like the bells you read about in kids' books, I reached the bridal suite.

I knocked.

ATALL, thin guy, looking like Humphrey Bogart drawn through a tube, opened the door. What do you want? says he. I want (I said) to hand Mr. Underpeck back his big, black shaggy dog, Thomas, with brown eyes and large paws that he lost 'way back in South Newford, U.S.A. And I also want the reward of no less than £10,000 offered for Thomas's return.

Where is the animal, says he.

So I push Thomas forward, and at this point Mr. Underpeck puts his head over the thin guy's shoulder. My dog Thomas? he says, and he adds:

Thomas was certainly one shaggy dog, but not as shaggy as all that.

* * *

The little feller then asked me: Could you lend me half a dollar?

So I said: Sure, I think I can lend you half a dollar—if you will lend me your story. Odds are I can make a profit on that one.

Sean Fielding



ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, whose singing of soprano roles at Covent Garden with the Vienna State Opera Company has gained the highest praise, is a pupil of the famous singing teacher Maria Ivogun. She joined the Vienna Company from the Berlin Opera House, and this visit to England is the first time she has left Austria since the war, though she is no stranger to this country having spent some time here before the war learning the language. Young, unmarried, and possessor of a superb voice, her ambition to achieve the highest flights in her profession is well on its way to achievement.



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

GLOBE—Trespass. Emlyn Williams's new play is a dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author and Françoise Rosay.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company in Richard II, Romeo and Juliet, and Twelfth Night.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

ST. JAMES'S—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

SAVILLE—Noose. Charles Goldner, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson and Bonar Colleano.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WHITEHALL—Worm's Eye View. Ronald Shiner and Jack Hobbs in the successful R.A.F. comedy.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

HIPPODROME—Perchance to Dream. Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

LYRIC (Hammersmith)—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delight the eye and ear.



Samuel Sweetland (Jack Morrison) may be a fine farmer, but the blind spot in his eye leads to a deal of fun and frolic before he comes to his senses

*Sketches
by
Tom Tit*



At Applegarth Farm the presiding authority on matrimony is the expert misogynist Churdles Ash (centre: Richard Littledale), though his advice is honoured in the breach by the courting couples (Stella Kemball and Robert Essex; David Cross and Renee Reel)

At the

"The Farmer's

THE Old Playgoer is a justly unpopular character. He is a nuisance to himself and everyone else. At an old comedy particularly, he ought to be compelled to leave his memory in the cloak-room, and not bring it, like a wet blanket, into the stalls." William Archer was gallantly defending a current performance of classic comedy from "crushing and necessarily unverifiable comparisons," from the smothering of living comedians in the sacred mantles of the dead. It would be agreeable to offer the same defence of this revival and to declare with Mrs. Malaprop: "We will not anticipate the past; our retrospections shall be all to the present." But how, out of ridiculous blinkers, can we?

Consider the facts. *The Farmer's Wife* has been filmed; it has been broadcast; every amateur actor in the country is likely to have played in it at least once. It began a sensation-long run at the Court in 1924. It was at the Court again in 1928, and in 1932 it reappeared at the Queen's. Assuredly one of the most popular of modern comedies.

Is that anything against it? Is a record of 1,329 more or less recent metropolitan performances any reason why the piece should today be forbidden the use of an important stage in central London? Well, it would be a very good reason if the theatre were in a state of perfect health, making fresh tissue all the time instead of trying to live on the old; but since the theatre is not, and has never been, in a state of perfect health there is no need to take quite such an austere view. Yet there is a snag which the promoters of this revival cannot escape; he is the Old Playgoer, and at any performance of *The Farmer's Wife* he is likely to be one in five of the audience. The comparisons he cannot help making are, alas, verifiable.

We Old Playgoers do not need a "violent memory" to recall that the Churdles Ash of Sir Cedric Hardwicke was something growing, battered and gnarled, out of the soil—not necessarily red soil but any soil of England to which the spectator himself

Theatre

Wife" (Apollo)

was native and familiar—as true in his eccentricities as a gargoye on the village church, as sure in his bones of the inferiority of women to men as of the inferiority of ginger-pop to bitter beer.

Mr. Richard Littledale, good actor that he is, cleverly imposes on the part all the appropriate traits of character, but they are not grafted in, they do not receive the sap, and what in Sir Cédric's hands became lifelike is now no more than a conventional figure of rustic comedy.

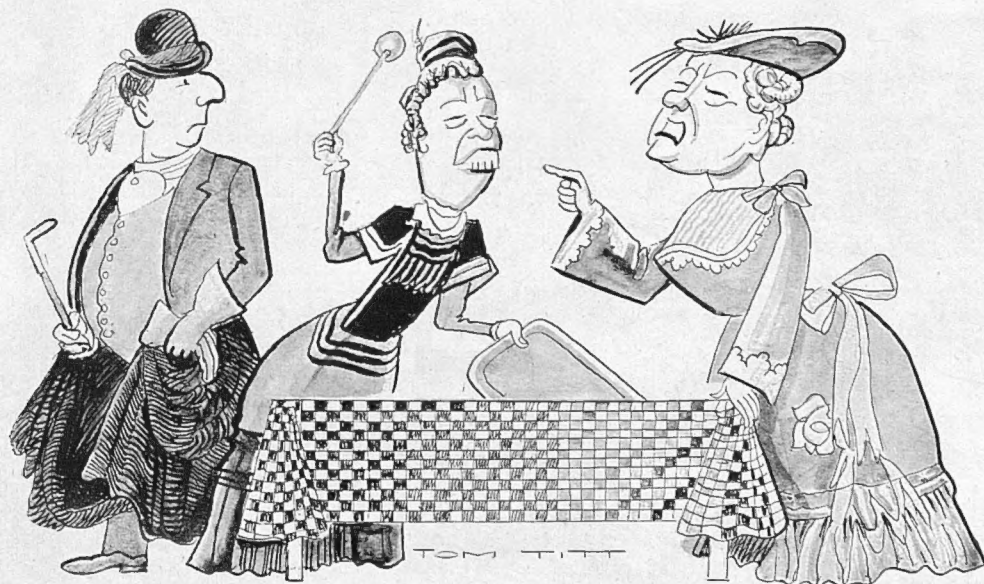
A COLLEAGUE has with something more than Archer-like gallantry argued that this subtraction of personality from the old misogynist restores the balance of the comedy which was upset by the forceful presentation of 1924. But is the comic idyll of the farmer who goes a-wooing among all the widows and spinsters of his acquaintance of sufficient importance to require exact balance in the playing? It is excellent comedy, showing how a writer who knows the humours of his own countryside may attack the obvious without discomfiture, but it is hardly more than a happy hitting off of familiar types in familiar situations. It was more enjoyable when its balance was upset, for the lifelike Churdles sprang the imagination and, so far from slowing up the other characters as puppets, shed on them a shining light of reality.

WITH every disposition to keep the Old Playgoer in check, I cannot persuade myself that this production has any special quality which would make it superfluous to ask why it had been revived. Encountered in the provinces, it would be grateful, but in Shaftesbury Avenue one is, or should be, more exacting. Miss Helena Pickard is the faded spinster, Miss Gillian Lind the faithful Araminta, Mr. Jack Morrison the confident farmer—and yet those playguy comparisons are so insistently verifiable.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Gillian Lind as Araminta, the girl whose quiet charms and domestic skill are so near and so familiar to the farmer that he almost overlooks them



The Ladies of Little Silver, the Hon. Mrs. Tudor (Marguerite Hylder) attired for the chase, Thirza Tapper (Helena Pickard) and Mary Hearn (Renee Reel) find any number of storms in their several tea-cups

BACKSTAGE



IN some quarters there has been a tendency to deplore the fact that we have been importing so many American plays and artists but it should not be forgotten that there has been a considerable amount of traffic the other way, that British plays and players have been going to Broadway. The latest export is *The Winslow Boy* which, with members of the London cast (with Alan Webb in place of Frank Cellier), opens in New York after visits to Washington and Baltimore on October 27.

Not only that but since the war ended British companies officially sponsored have been taking our productions to the Continent, a thing that rarely happened in pre-war days. In this way Dutch audiences have even had a pre-view of the Company of Four's production of *Dark Summer* which is due to open at the Lyric, Hammersmith in about a fortnight's time. Starting at Haarlem it has had eight one-night stands in Holland. It was the success of Alec Clunes's tour that prompted a Dutch impresario to extend the invitation.

Dark Summer which has Joan Miller, Jean Cadell and Dan Cunningham in the cast, is by Wynford Browne. It is a serious play on a topical theme about a disabled airman and his efforts to readjust himself to postwar conditions.

A GAIN, at the invitation of the Belgian Government the Old Vic company is giving five performances of John Burrell's production of *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Theatre du Parc, Brussels with Trevor Howard and Patricia Burke as Petruchio and Katharina. They will then return to this country to continue the tour before opening the London season with the same play in November.

The Old Vic must surely be the most air-minded of theatrical companies. Since its inception in 1944 the company has made many flights, the first being after the 1944-45 season when it visited France, Belgium, Holland and Germany entertaining the Services. A year later the company flew to New York for its notable season on Broadway and last month, immediately after the Edinburgh Festival it flew to Northern Ireland to play at Belfast. This time the company is once more airborne to Brussels.

THE Mercury Theatre has had one of its biggest successes in the Irish "ballade" play *Happy as Larry* and much of it is due to the delightful acting of Sheila Manahan, who is a genuine find.

This Irish girl has good looks, intelligence and a vivacity that reminds one somewhat of Vivien Leigh. Now in her early twenties she has worked hard for recognition. She began at thirteen as a pupil at the Abbey Theatre school in Dublin and played her first part at the Abbey two years later. After three years in Dublin she went into repertory at Belfast. Offers of a film test brought her to London but as nothing came of them she went back into repertory with little or no opportunity until she was picked for the Mercury play. Now perhaps the film spotters will "discover" her.

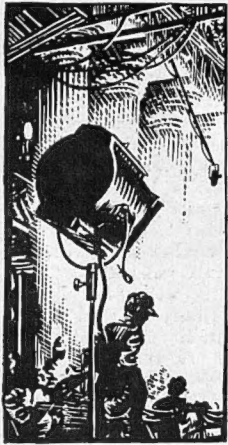
OPERA-SINGERS who can look, act and sing the exacting part of Carmen are so rare that Bizet's opera has seldom been seen in recent years. But Janet Howe, who is appearing in the role at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, has enabled the Carl Rosa company to restore the work to its repertory with resounding success.

She is a dynamic brunette with all the necessary qualifications of voice, personality and verve. She was coached for the part by Zelig de Lussan, who is acknowledged to be one of the most notable Carmens in operatic history.

Born in London of Scottish parents, Miss Howe, after studying at the Metropolitan Academy and the Royal College of Music, went to Vienna and trained under Fritz Lunzer and Walter Stiasny of the Vienna State Opera. When war began she was appearing in Milan and soon afterwards she returned to England where she quickly built up an excellent reputation on the concert platform and in oratorio. One of the first to recognize her talent was the late Sir Henry Wood who booked her to appear at the Albert Hall "Proms."

Beaumont Kent.

Freda Bruce Lockhart



At The Pictures

From the French

CRITICS I'm sure are never supposed to confess their ignorance. They should be omniscient, omnipresent, ageless; and have a memory like a fully stocked film library. But I have to admit that I was caught out, as many no doubt may be, by

The Long Night, showing at the Tivoli.

For a few minutes, listening to the murderer Joe (Henry Fonda), barricaded in his room, soliloquizing monosyllabically about the Anzio beach-head and the Normandy beaches, I thought we were in for yet another variation on the returning G.I. or "They Gave Him a Gun" theme. Then, as Joe's tormented thoughts began to recall his past life through the most intricate flashback, I became aware that this was something out of Hollywood's main ruts.

Always returning to the point of departure in the besieged room, with its bullet-splintered mirror and one-eared teddy bear and with brilliantly distorted Beethoven for background to Joe's brainstorm, we are taken through the scenes which goaded the simple young steelworker to murder.

Technically, this masterly handling of flashback was surely, I thought, the most stimulating and original work to emerge from Hollywood for a number of years, suggesting a whole new field of more complex subjective fiction than American films have hitherto tackled.

HERO and heroine are more true to American type; and the drooling self-pity of Joe's courtship (not Mr. Fonda's fault but the dialogue's) might have been intolerable if Miss Barbara Bel Geddes were not such an extraordinarily natural young actress, who makes Jo-Ann simple without *niaiserie*. Her seducer, Maximilian (the ubiquitous Vincent Price), sadistic charlatan of a vaudeville magician, is a theatrical figure of course; but he is a more repellently authentic pervert than Hollywood can usually handle. Charlene, the lady who would be sawn in half if Maximilian did anything so common as to saw ladies in half, also gives that good actress Miss Ann Dvorak a more rewarding chance than usual to prove her skill, in a convincingly caustic version of the cheap trouser with a tough hide and a tender heart.

Photography, music and acting combine in building up the frenzy of jealousy into which Maximilian goads Joe, to a pitch of intensity where we must accept the inevitability of the murder. Meanwhile, down in the street wait the neighbours who are Joe's friends, and the police with their machine guns and tear gas to shoot or smoke him out.

A blatantly false ending, sentimentalized by Capra-like syrup of human kindness and regained faith in human nature, is as much of a come-down as it is an anti-climax. Even so, the picture, though not to my taste, had impressed me by its virtuosity

as a ray of hope from Hollywood after a very long dark night.

By now the depth of my ignorance may have become plain. I had somehow missed seeing *Le Jour Se Lève*, which all the best authority proclaims one of the masterpieces of the recent French cinema. *The Long Night* is Hollywood's free translation of *Le Jour Se Lève* into American terms for American audiences.

This is an old sharp practice and an old problem. In spite of the obviously emasculated ending, for those of us who did not see the original, *The Long Night* is a powerful, though not a particularly pleasant inducement to find some justification for American companies who borrow—or rather buy—from Europe, the ideas of which there is such a drought in Hollywood.

What is much less justifiable is the condition of purchase which condemns to the scrapheap all copies (except, I understand, two or three for museum purposes) of the original *Le Jour Se Lève*, which I shall therefore now presumably never see. And what seems entirely unjustifiable is to make no acknowledgment of *The Long Night's* debt to the French picture.

A tiny credit line "Based on a story by Jacques Viot" is the only hint of French origin I can find on the synopsis.

FRENCH influence certainly predominates in this week's films. (May not that mere fact be perhaps a sign of dawning grace in Hollywood—or only of despair?) It is less direct, though still perceptible at the Warner Theatre, in *Deception*, which is based only (as far as I can ascertain) "on a play by Louis Verneuil," that prolific manufacturer of efficient emotional vehicles for the Paris stage.

The efforts of Christine (Bette Davis) to conceal from her 'cellist bridegroom, Karel Novak (Paul Henreid), that she has been kept—and very well kept, as Karel and we can see—by the great composer-conductor, Hollenius (Claude Rains), are as tiresome as most such deceptions. But within the artificial conception, the characters and their pre-occupations have just a veneer of that real sophistication which is foreign to the usual film novelette.

What is more to the point, they provide a platform for the most lively battle of histrionic wits between Miss Davis and Mr. Rains. The odds are unfairly weighted against Miss Davis. For Mr. Rains has seldom had such a peach of a part to show off his undeniably hammy style, as this elegantly ill-bred egotist, one of those colourful tyrants of the artistic world, only tolerated for their genius, their acid tongue and—Mr. Rains cleverly suggests—their infuriatingly endearing personality.

Miss Davis puts up a superb show. But she is the most cerebral of cinema stars, while Christine is the most witless of female neurotics, fighting to protect her 'cellist from the vindictive professional persecution of Hollenius, and her secret from his threatened vindictive personal indiscretion. This is not Miss Davis's line of personality and she loses

on points to Mr. Rains, though the display of two-star fireworks is quite a treat. The ending of this film has also, I feel sure, been adapted to conform to Hollywood's unique moral code.

AT the Curzon, *Sortilèges*, the one wholly French film of the week, is a regional curiosity set in a primitive mountain village, where the inhabitants practise sorcery and black magic, and kill their enemies and their fighting cocks by stone slinging.

Perfunctory rather than pedantic about such details as continuity, this is a picture where the hardworking villainess can always find time to be at a window to see whatever the plot requires her to see; and the hero, after driving the heroine off for a day in the snows, can carry her back on his own two feet, leaving horse and cart apparently abandoned on the edge of a precipice. But the atmosphere, if not the story-telling, is convincingly contrived. The bark of a dog in the distance, the soft crunch of the snow underfoot, the swirling snow in which a search party tries to lasso a dead man's horse which is terrorizing the villagers; many such touches make the place real, and the ignorant, superstitious peasants are alive, however quaint.

There is a slow fascination about this picture of a primitive society, and something very refreshing, after so often seeing the world well lost for love, about the authentic French realism which accepts money as a perfectly valid reason why the woodcutter hero should agree to marry the rich innkeeper's daughter whom he doesn't love, instead of the poor half-wit's frail child whom he does.

COMPARED with these French or French-inspired efforts, the two native American offerings of the week are primitive indeed.

Miss Deanna Durbin, in *Something in the Wind* at the Leicester Square, continues the process of fining down her figure, coarsening her singing and developing as an actress into a comedienne of considerable verve on a musical comedy level.

The conventional farce serves adequately to show off these talents, but Miss Durbin gets not much help either from the songs or from the cast, with the exception of Donald O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor is a genuine pocket clown and his song "I Love a Mystery," with his one-man eccentric dance summary of the crime *mystique*, is the one flash of real wit in the film.

"Excuse me—my manners stink," says one of the characters in *Desert Fury*, at the Plaza. The apology seems superfluous in a company of gangsters and gamblers who behave like savages lacking a skin, so raw is their grab for whatever they want; money or a man, a drink or a woman.

Lizabeth Scott looks even less human in Technicolor than in black and white; and she certainly doesn't look like Mary Astor's schoolgirl daughter, however precocious. Miss Astor makes the prosperous Madam of Purple Sage Casino the picture's solitary suggestion of a real person.



WILLIAM GRAHAM

A fourteen-year-old County Durham boy, William Graham is playing the title role in the film *Just William's Luck*, an Alliance production directed by Val Guest. Graham, who is a Carroll Levis discovery, was specially recommended by him for the part, for which he was chosen out of 6,000 applicants. The story is based on the "William" books by Richmal Crompton, which have sold between six and seven million copies. The B.B.C. audience was estimated to be over some ten million listeners, so the film version, as a new way of presenting this children's classic, should be very popular. William Graham is the son of a Darlington blacksmith and got his first chance when Carroll Levis staged his show at the local Hippodrome



The Prime Minister at a War Work Dinner



Sir John Brown and Viscount Hall at the dinner, given by the Voluntary War Work Council to some of its members



Sir Frank Willis, a member of the Council, and guest of honour, with Mr. Attlee. Sir Frank is general secretary of the Y.M.C.A.



The Moderator of the Church of Scotland speaks. On his right is the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bracewell Smith



Sir Eric Speed, Admiral J. Cunningham, Chief of Naval Staff, and Stella Marchioness of Reading, chairman of the W.V.S.



Mr. F. J. Bellenger, War Minister, with the Secretary, Major-Gen. Sir Kenneth Buchanan, and Lt-Gen. Sir F. E. W. Simpson



Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, Chief of Air Staff, and Viscountess Kemsley. The dinner was held at Claridge's



Earl and Countess Jellicoe being welcomed by the Austrian Minister in London

VIENNA STATE

First



Mrs. Kenneth Downey (hostess to the Austrian Minister), Mr. D. C. Fleming-Williams and Miss Ann Harcourt



Mrs. P. Dean, Sir Orme Sargent, Permanent Under-Secretary, Foreign Office, and M. Robert Luc, of the French Embassy



Lady Colefax, Miss Ann O'Donovan and Mr. E. Selbie chatting in the vestibule



Mr. F. H. K. Henrion with Mrs. Allan Best, who wore a cascade of flowers in her hair



Herr Paul Schoeffler, who played the lead in the opera, with his son Peter

PERA COMPANY AT COVENT GARDEN

Right Audience for "Don Giovanni"



Mr. and Mrs. E. Spier. Mrs. Spier wore a gown of French brocade



Among the cosmopolitan audience were Mr. and Mrs. Eduard Kepper, visitors from Paris



The Crush Bar lived up to its name after the performance, when the Austrian Minister, Dr. H. Schmid, held a reception there

George Bilainkin

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Fayer
H.E. Dr. Andrew J. Clasen, Luxembourg Minister at St. James's

AS the limousine drew near to the wartime offices of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Royal Duchy of Luxembourg, in Addison Road, London, the Ambassador of an important State in South America stepped out, and the house door was opened by the Chargé d'Affaires. The Chargé d'Affaires, now Luxembourg's first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's, had not yet concluded his regular early-morning task, stoking the boiler for central heating. He and the Duchy's Foreign Minister, Dr. Joseph Bech, had, in the absence of domestic staff, to "do for themselves."

Surprises have played their part in the life of this youthful envoy, His Excellency M. Andrew J. Clasen, as they have figured in the chequered existence of the Duchy, fully independent since 1839, first on the map of Europe a thousand years ago. To-day, liberated Luxembourg occupies almost 1000 square miles, is inhabited by 300,000 sturdy men and women. The State measures but 62 miles from north to south, 37 miles at the widest, between Belgium (with which Luxembourg has a Customs Union), France and Germany.

AMID the silent, luxurious, luscious forests of the Ardennes, the valleys of the wine-producing Moselle and the Sauer, the citizens of the "State of Castles" showed during the Nazi occupation a hardiness of spirit that astounded the enemy and delighted the Allies. For had the Nazis not announced the "annexation" of the Duchy? For the second time in twenty-five years Luxembourg fell to the Germans in May 1940. Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess promptly sought refuge in Great Britain, accompanied by the Foreign Minister. Here the fight for freedom would continue.

There were few, if any, Luxembourgers in London. M. Clasen, born of Luxembourg parents in Düsseldorf, was, as Honorary Chancellor of the Luxembourg Consulate since 1932, available immediately in the service of the Duchy's ruler and the Foreign Minister. As A.D.C. he accompanied the Duchess to Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle; went with his Minister on important visits to the Foreign Office. The staff grew gradually, and one evening, to his pleasant surprise, he noted a minute approving his appointment as Secretary-General of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on January 15th, 1941.

FOR a young man educated during the Great War at Beaumont College, later at University College, Oxford, the Imperial College of Science, London, and at the University of Aix la Chapelle, diplomacy at the top rung was strange. But the measure of his adaptability may be gauged by the fact that in October 1941 he was nominated Chargé d'Affaires in Great Britain, executive officer to the Government, with a staff of about forty-five in three houses in Wilton Crescent.

Engineering, which Clasen studied at Krupps, is a suitable profession for a Luxembourger, for the people are noted not only as producers of delicious, delicate wine and cherry brandy, but until recently claimed seventh place in the world as steel-makers. Clasen's father was Consul-General in London from 1930 till July 1941, and for long acted as executive for Luxembourg's steel industry.

Swaebe



Swatche

Lady Hawke with Her Four Daughters, the Hon. Caroline, Lavinia, Annabel and Cecilia Hawke, at their home, Faygate Place, Faygate, Sussex. Lady Hawke, who was formerly Miss Ina Faure, of Balcombe, Sussex, married Lord Hawke, who is the ninth baron, in 1934. The title goes back to 1759, when Admiral Sir Edward Hawke won a victory over the French at Quiberon Bay. Another well-known holder of the title was the present Lord Hawke's uncle, the famous Yorkshire cricket captain and President of the M.C.C. during World War I

Janifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

PRINCESS ELIZABETH's decision to come south with the King when His Majesty left Balmoral at the end of September for his usual autumn shooting stay at Sandringham marked the real beginning of the pre-Royal wedding rush. Planning to spend two days at Buckingham Palace, the Princess had every moment of her time in London booked in advance with fittings of her bridal gown and the going-away dress that make up the meagre total of a Royal "austerity" trousseau, and the supervision of various important points about the wedding ceremony itself and the small celebration "breakfast" which is to follow at the Palace. At the same time, hundreds of the fortunate 2000 who have received, or are receiving, invitations to the Abbey were also busy with wedding preparations, made so much more complicated and difficult by the coupon question, even though the King's wise and kindly thought allows the men guests freedom of choice between morning clothes, lounge suits and Service dress. Hotels, too, are busily getting ready for the big influx of visitors from overseas who are coming

to London to see something of the festivities of the first wedding of an heiress to the British Crown for some eight centuries—the last heiress to wed was Princess Margaret in 1127.

After her brief stay in town, Princess Elizabeth continued her preparations at Balmoral, where she returned to rejoin the Queen and Princess Margaret until their return south together in the middle of October.

Mr. "Jock" Colville, the popular and clever young man whom the Princess recently appointed as her first private secretary, has taken up his new duties in earnest. After spending some time at Buckingham Palace to familiarise himself with the routine of Royal ways, he flew up to Balmoral to make his first public appearance in attendance on the Princess at Stirling, whither H.R.H. went to receive the freedom of the city.

Continuing my Scottish tour, from Perthshire I went up to stay with friends in Ross-shire for a week, and on the second day of my stay we motored across to Skye for the balls at Portree. This was across country I had never seen and proved the most lovely

drive. If foreign travel is still banned next summer, and the petrol restrictions are eased a little, I cannot think why many more British people do not explore the beauties of their own island, which is equal, in the Highlands certainly, to anything on the Continent, added to which it is full of romantic and fascinating history.

WE started our journey through Strathpeffer, an enchanting spot with a good hotel, a fine golf-course and many hard courts, with lovely gardens adjoining the pavilion, where there are concerts and dances during the summer. The Pump Rooms have not yet got going, I was told, as the whole place was requisitioned up to the beginning of this year. Strathpeffer reminded me so much of Spa, a lovely little spot tucked away in the Ardennes, except that the laws of this country will not allow the little casino which visitors to Spa can enjoy! From Strathpeffer we motored on past Lochluichart, Achnasheen, Lochcarron, across the Strome ferry, and on to the ferry at the Kyle of Lochalsh and Skye.

ON Skye we motored up to the north-west corner and stayed at Uig, a fascinating little place so fresh and gay with all the crofts whitewashed, looking out over the Atlantic.

The island was very crowded for the first gathering and balls to be held in Skye since 1938. This year the games were held several days before the balls, and once again George Clark, the champion heavyweight, was competing with success, and amazed onlookers, as on his first throw with the caber it hit the ground so hard that it snapped in two like a matchstick. Another successful competitor was Edith MacPherson of Inverness, who not only does Scottish dances exceptionally well, but also is an expert on the bagpipes and competed in several of the piping competitions.

The balls at Portree were the greatest fun, and a great deal of credit is due to Mr. Ian Hilleary for running them so efficiently in these difficult days. The room was decorated with wall vases of rowan berries, purple heather was massed round the foot of the bandstand, and the balcony was decorated with the tartans of many clans. It was a picturesque scene to watch in this setting, with the men mostly in Highland dress (the Macdonald and Macleod tartan predominating) and many of the women wearing tartan sashes on their evening dresses, dancing reels and Scotch country dances, including Flowers of Edinburgh, Scottish Reform, the Duke of Perth, Inverness, and Hamilton House, which appeared to me the most intricate of them all.

LORD AND LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON had sailed up the Minch to Portree harbour for the balls in their nice six-metre yacht, and were dancing energetically all the evening, Lady Malcolm looking very nice in a white dress, which was a good background for her tartan sash. Viscount Tarbat, wearing magnificent lace ruffles with his Highland dress, was dancing a foursome with his very attractive wife, who has quickly learnt to dance reels beautifully. Capt. Jack Macleod, who was also wearing fine ruffles, and his charming wife were staying at Portree, having motored over from Culloden. Lord and Lady Tarbat are both enthusiasts for reels, and have had several parties for their friends to practise reels before the balls in the fine ballroom at Castle Leod, where they are living in one of the wings which they have modernised and made very comfortable.

General Sir Kenneth and Lady Macleod were at Portree with their son Jock, who could only manage the first night of the balls as, after dancing all night, he went straight off to Elgin to join up for military service. Viscountess Gough, looking charming in black with touches of red, danced energetically until the small hours of the morning at both balls.

OTHERS enjoying themselves were Gen. and Mrs. Wimberly, with their

daughter Lesmore, Gen. and Mrs. Angus Cooper with their son and daughter, Capt. Roddy Macleod, Capt. Denis Cooper, Mr. Jamie Stormonth Darling, a good reel-dancer who is in great demand for all the northern balls, Miss Susan Vaughan Lee, Miss Philippa Guise, a pretty girl who was at both balls, Miss Anne Ramsay, who had come over from Perth, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Macleod, Lt.-Col. David Leslie from the Highland District H.Q., Major and Mrs. Chippy Anderson, Capt. Tony Lithgow, Baroness Burton's two grandchildren Judy and Michael Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. John Daubeney, both dancing reels as keenly as their Scottish friends; also Mr. David Wills and his sister Margery, Miss Eileen Newsome, who lives in Ireland, Miss Elizabeth Buxton, Major and Mrs. Gascoigne, and Mrs. Anthony Warre, who was Arbelle Mackintosh before her marriage in 1942.

From Scotland down to Doncaster for the St. Leger meeting. Although the St. Leger was not run until the Saturday, many people arrived in Doncaster, and most people living in the district had their houses full of guests on the Tuesday, when the bloodstock sales opened in rather dull and cold weather. With the fall in prices at recent bloodstock sales in France and America, and the present financial crisis here, it was feared there would be a slump in yearlings. But these fears were unwarranted, as the sales produced a record aggregate of 597,725 guineas for 326 yearlings, thus beating the previous British record for yearling sales set up at Newmarket in 1945 by over 59,000 guineas. I think this showed that British bloodstock is still, in spite of many defeats in the past two years, considered supreme in the world to-day, and what is so important, it is a big factor in our export trade.

Buyers were cautious and bidding was slow on the opening day, but quickened considerably during the next three days, when thousands of pounds changed hands in a matter of seconds. The top price of the sales, 14,000 guineas, was bid by Fred Armstrong when he bought a very nice colt by Big Game out of Cap d'Or for his patron, the Gaekwar of Baroda, after a little over a minute's bidding. Later in the week he was to feel justified at having bid the record price for the same owner in 1945, when he bought Sayajirao for 28,000 guineas.

AMONG those at the sales were Lord and Lady Adare, over from Ireland, chatting to Lady Ainsworth, who also makes her home in Ireland; Lord Porchester with his father, the Earl of Carnarvon; the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton with her leg still bandaged, the result of being kicked by a horse on Newmarket Heath; Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, who sent up seven yearlings from their famous Sledmere Stud on the Thursday (these fetched an aggregate of 24,570 guineas), and Prince Aly Khan, who made several purchases during the week.

Lady Jocelyn, looking lovely in bright blue, was with her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, who was selling her yearlings from Killarkin Stud. Others I saw were the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the latter in pale blue



Dr. John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, with Zika Ascher, the young Czech textile expert, at a display of designs by famous artists adapted for textiles by Mrs. Ascher

one day; Mr. Marcus Wickham-Boynton, whose yearlings from the Burton Agnes Stud fetched a good price; the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and Miss Eleanor Dawson, daughter of Dick Dawson, who for many years trained winners at Whatcomb. Miss Dawson now lives near Dublin and was over to see yearlings from the Cloghran Stud sold, and was staying with Mr. and Mrs. Curzon-Howe-Herrick at the house they had taken in Doncaster for the meeting.

THERE was excellent racing, the two most successful owners being the Aga Khan, who won four races, and the Gaekwar of Baroda, who won three races, including the valuable Champagne Stakes on the first day with Lerins, who may be a formidable proposition in next year's classics, and the St. Leger on the final day with Sayajirao.

The Gaekwar of Baroda flew back from India to see his horse run and only just got there in



Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, who opened the exhibition of Ascher squares at the Lefevre Gallery. The squares are renderings of designs by Matisse, Derain, Henry Moore and Graham Sutherland among others, and are printed in "limited editions"

time. The winner had a wonderful reception, and so did his jockey, Edgar Britt, who was thrilled at riding his first classic winner. The Gaekwar was quickly inundated with congratulations, and so was his clever trainer, who deserves the greatest credit. In a year fraught with training difficulties, Fred Armstrong had the winner looking a picture and trained to the minute.

All the people I have already mentioned were racing too, of course, and others enjoying this well-run meeting were Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, Sir Arthur and Lady Pilkington, Viscount and Viscountess Irwin, Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochford, Lady Lavinia Green, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, Mrs. Murray-Smith, very smart as usual, all in violet, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, Miss Violet de Trafford and her youngest sister Catherine, chatting to Lord Stanley, and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings. Also there were Mrs. Jackie Ward, looking pretty in dark blue, Major H. P. Holt with his very attractive American wife, looking very smart in a black-and-white imprime, and the Comte and Comtesse de Chambure, who were over from France.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER is patron of the Town and Country Ball to be held at the Albert Hall on Wednesday, October 8th, in aid of those two very good causes, the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs and the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is taking a great interest in the ball. She is bringing a party of young people, and will give away the prizes for the best fancy dress.

Also in the Royal box with the Duchess will be the Duchess of Buccleuch and the Duke of Norfolk, who are joint presidents of the ball. The Duchess of Buccleuch works hard for the Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs in Scotland. For fancy dress there are such tantalising prizes as a new saloon motor-car, radio sets, silver-fox furs and some nice jewellery. Tickets are 2½ guineas (including buffet), and can be obtained from Col. Lloyd, 238, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1. Among those who are bringing parties are Baroness Ravensdale, Col. and Mrs. Walter Elliot, Lord and Lady De La Warr, Sir Merrick Burrell and the Countess of Brecknock.



Guests chatting in one of the halls during the evening. Pistols, swords and breastplates against a classical background make an original decorative style

"The Tatler" goes to —

THE STAFF COLLEGE DRAG HUNT BALL AT CAMBERLEY



Col. G. E. Pike, D.S.O., the
hon. secretary, dancing with
Mrs. John Holdcroft

USUALLY thought of as devoted to the austerities of war and military planning, the Staff College at Camberley took on a very different aspect recently when the Drag Hunt Ball was held there. Over 900 guests assembled for this most successful annual event, for which the College had been transformed with flowers and bunting into a ballroom and annexes of the most satisfactory description. Much time must have been spent in organising and preparing

the evening so well, and Col. G. E. Pike, D.S.O., the hon. secretary, is to be congratulated upon his efforts.

EVERYTHING went smoothly throughout, and at 2 a.m. breakfast was served to those who felt that with a little sustenance they could go on until 4 a.m. Before the dance Col. Pike had given a party at the Frimley Place Country Club, at which about twenty guests were present



Miss Mary Bailey-Southwell at supper with Col. M. J. Lindsay, Master of the Staff College Drag Hounds



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Adams and Mrs. Richard Quarry were three more of the guests at this pleasant function.



Gen. and Mrs. F. R. G. Matthews. Gen. Matthews is Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst



Mrs. Russell Morgan, Major-Gen. R. A. Hull, Commandant of the Staff College, and Mrs. T. Daly



Col. R. Hastings and Miss R. Gibbs take refreshment during a pause in the dancing



Lady Mary Cambridge, who is to be a bridesmaid at the Royal wedding next month, and Mr. Bernard Bruce



The evening's gaiety well under way, with pink coats and uniforms adding colour to the scene



Sonia Dresdel, the actress, and Mr. George Fearon, Press representative, at the dinner

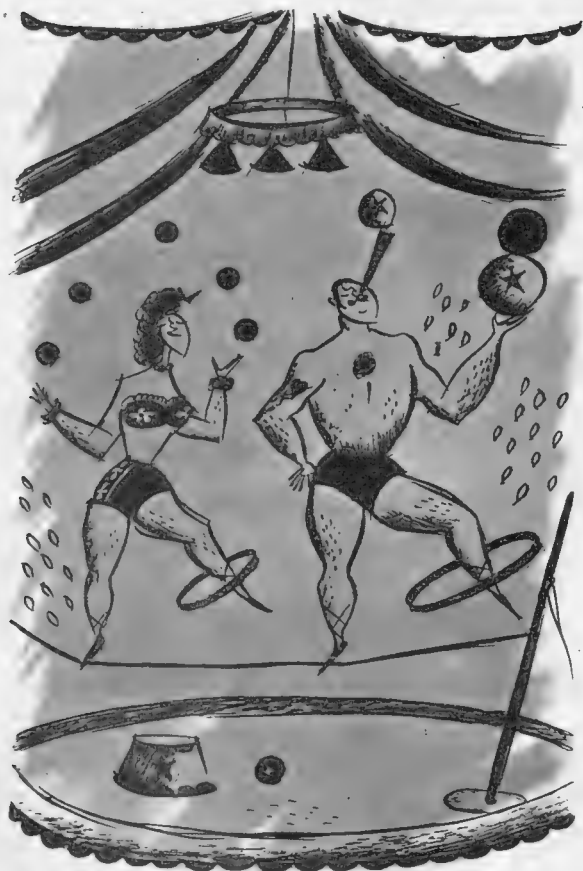


Bill Johnson and Dolores Gray, stars of "Annie Get Your Gun," were also at the Savoy



The Critics' Circle Celebrates the Jubilee

Mr. S. R. Littlewood (right), in whose honour the dinner was given, greeting Mr. and Mrs. Roger Livesey



Priscilla in Paris

EVERYBODY loves a circus, so they say. Anyway, there was a record house on the opening night of the famous Cirque Médrano that has been a fixture in Paris for the last fifty years, not only to celebrate the anniversary, but also to welcome that grand comedian of the U.S. silent films, Buster Keaton, clown of the doleful countenance, who was making his bow to Paris that evening.

Amidst all the well-known critics, first-night habitués, and other personalities were such film-stars as Wallace Beery, Eleanor Parker and Chico Marx. Our own St. Granier was also in a ringside seat, and being speaker Number One at all the gay functions that occur here, arose and pointed out the presence of these American bill-toppers to the audience. They had a grand reception, especially Beery, who seems to be everybody's darling. He had arrived, late that afternoon, at the Orly airport, and came almost direct to the circus. The autograph hunters mobbed him during the interval, and he obliged most kindly.

WHAT can one say of Buster Keaton himself? He was given a cordial welcome, but this was a "picked" audience of people who knew him and remembered the dear old days. What will the young Saturday-night rowdies make of him in his pantomime sketch that so unfortunately resembles a music-hall turn that has been exploited so often by Dandy, the Folies Bergère comedian, and that is hoary with age? This is not an epoch for glum-faced comedy. We have too much of it in real life.

Another circus, le Cirque d'Hiver, also reopened this week, but far less brilliantly, despite the presence of the Fratellini clowns. Their coarse drollery enchants us no longer, for though it "makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve." For me the highlights of a circus programme are the equestrian acts. The beautiful horses! The *haute école* numbers! But alas, ways and means have banished these.

PROVINCIALS who have come up to Paris by car and Parisians who are still away have had a nasty jolt over the sudden, drastic suppression of the basic petrol ration (of 20 litres a month for all cars, big or small) and the prohibition of all cars over 15 h.p., especially as this was launched without warning and declared to be



Mr. Duncan Sandys, formerly M.P. for a Lambeth division, and Minister of Works, on the terrace of the Palace Hotel



Sir Peter MacDonald, M.P. for the Isle of Wight, and Sir Walter Smiles, Member for Co. Down, were also delegates



Visitors and Delegates at the United

Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, principal organiser, and Mr. Somerset de Chair, who has just published "The Teetotalitarian State"



Sir Ralph Richardson and Lady Richardson (Meriel Forbes, the actress)



Among the film-stars who graced the occasion were Glynis Johns and Robert Donat



Sir Lewis Casson and Dame Sybil Thorndike, now playing in "The Linden Tree," arrive

f the Editor of "The Stage"

Circuses In, Petrol Out

"taking effect immediately." The pawnshops, that are run by the Government in this fair country, will be having a busy time and have to enlarge their garages, for the great idea is to "pop" one's car at the beginning of the winter, thus saving storage and keep during the bad weather, the interest one pays on the loan being well under the cost of a private garage. At all times October sees the fur coats come out and the cars go in. In March it is the other way round.

Personally I shall use up the petrol I have stored in driving Miss Chrysler Six down to my Farm-on-the-Island. Being a roadster, she looks a mere 10-h.p. instead of the 16 she is. After all, she survived five years under the Boche occupants, so I guess she can survive a bit more . . . even M. Jean Monnet's four-year plan! But who would have thought it would come to this?

Rather sad, given that I've just been able to get four new tyres . . . and not black market!

I WENT to a delightful party at the Berkeley when Louis Jouvet dined his company, twenty strong, and some old friends, on the eve of his departure for the Edinburgh Festival. His lovely, eighteen-year-old leading lady, Denise Blanchard, daughter of the famous French film-star of the same name and about whom the late regretted James Agate has so often waxed enthusiastic, was as excited as a schoolgirl over her first trip abroad. She is a lovely little creature and immensely clever.

The Berkeley is one of the pleasantest of the *grands restaurants parisiens*, with its wide windows giving on to the open, tree-planted, flower-bedded spaciousness that lies between the Champs Élysées and the avenue Gabriel. On these still warm evenings, and returning, as everyone is, from sea or mountain, one cannot bear to be boxed in, and—though Heaven knows how Jean Rouhette manages it—the food is delicious.

Voilà!

● A very famous night club in Paris has recently changed hands and been taken over by a new management. The payment was effected in cash (let us not ask why!). "It must have taken a long time to count the banknotes," said someone. "Count 'em?" answered the new owner. "we weighed 'em!"



Europe Parliamentary Conference, Gstaad

Mlle. Olden playing the concertina to Mme. R. Dernis-Reynaud, from France, and Mme. Léon Maccas, from Greece



M. Paul Reynaud, former French Prime Minister, with Mr. King and the Vicomte de Dampierre in the background



M. Grigory Gafenco, the celebrated Rumanian politician and former Minister, was also one of the delegates

R. H. Schloss



"Down the Broad Stair,
in Bridal Grace"

Miss Elizabeth Avice Wilks, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Jerrold Wilks, of Cline Town, descends the oak staircase at Hollybush Hall, Newborough, Staffs., before her wedding to Major Frederick Robert Wragg, youngest son of Sir Herbert and Viscountess Wragg, of Bretby House, Derbyshire. The wedding took place at the church of St. Werburgh, Lichfield.

AUTUMN WEDDING IN STAFFORDSHIRE



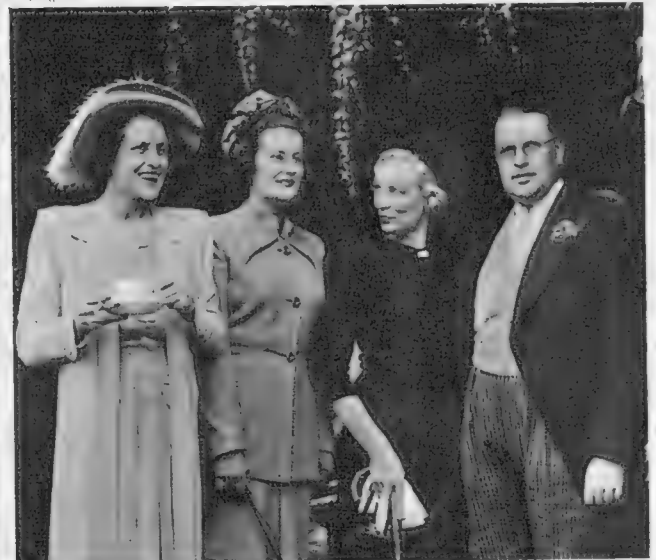
Among the guests at the reception were Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale, from Kedleston Hall, Derbyshire, neighbours of the bridegroom



Mrs. K. Knowles and Brigadier Roscoe Harvey at Hollybush Hall, home of the bride's uncle and aunt, W/Cdr. and Mrs. Cedric Boyd, where the reception was held



Mrs. John Spurrier, of the well-known Derbyshire family, Major Crompton-Inglefield, Mrs. Hubert Buxton and Mrs. Crompton-Inglefield



Mrs. Jerrold Wilks, mother of the bride, the Hon. Juliana Curzon, Viscount Scarsdale's third daughter, Mrs. Ian MacLaughlin and Mr. N. J. Harrison



The bridesmaids' group, including Miss Gein Palmer, Miss Noreen Pearson, Miss Rosemarie Wilks, Miss Gillian Wilks and Ann Gibson Perkins (centre)



The bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the wedding. The bride was given away by her father, and the best man was Mr. T. H. S. Wragg



Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

WITH bitter and felicitous accuracy a thinker recently remarked that if the British spiv-population of a million or so had the sense to form itself quickly into a Trade Union the Government wouldn't dare touch it.

Two other badly-needed corporations, in our view, are the National Baby-Farmers' Union and the National Union of Bigamists, both popular and flourishing and, at the moment, lacking official status. The N.U.B. in particular could then declare a "closed shop," which is highly necessary, since far too much frivolous and part-time bigamy is prevalent. ("Bigamy," said John Stuart Mill at Birmingham in 1868, "should be a whole-time occupation like the sister-sport of Cricket.") And in fact one of the pressing matters for the National Union of Bigamists to settle is the status and function of bigamous cricketers. At present the Rules (vide *Wisden*) are rather non-committal on the subject. E.g.:

NOTES AND INSTRUCTIONS TO UMPIRES.

A fieldsman's wives may accompany him on the field, but may not assist him in fielding the ball.

No batsman may allow his wives to hang around the wicket in such a way that they interfere with the bowling.

A bowler with three or more wives on the field is responsible, during an over, for seeing that they do not start fighting with any gipsies, French actresses, trulls, mopsies, or trollops already hanging round the pitch.

Point

WHICH is all very well, but does not clear up what the N.U.B. considers the fundamental issue, namely, whether a bigamous cricketer takes to cricket because he is a bigamist, or vice-versa. The MCC so far maintains a frigid silence, but the N.U.B. hopes to have those prudes by the slack of their elegant flannels ere long.

Rite

A CITIZEN recently bawling in print, apropos the painful decline in the Race's manners, that even his favourite barber had been rude to him should have reflected that barbering at its highest went out with the 18th century, even in Italy, where (as we perceive from the enchanting memoirs of Père Jean-Baptiste Labat, which nobody knows) this art was as grave and gracious as a minuet.

Three profound bows from the master-barber (in black, and cloaked) marked the beginning, middle, and end of the ceremony, the razoring part beginning with the words "Con salute!" His basins were of silver or silver-plate, his towels laced. His assistant served with liturgical

gravity. When you were finally shaved, laved with water and rose-vinegar, powdered, and pomaded, the artist's fee was threepence, with a tip of two *bajocci*, or farthings, to his aide. Even at Truefitt's during the Regency you never got such service at that price, unless we err. You don't get it in modern Italy either, though the master-barbers of Siena are still charming fellows, or were in the 1930's. We've never met a rude barber in London, either. Maybe the bawling citizen had asked for it? One of the marvels of our modern Utopia, to us, is the number of uncut throats you see round and about. . . . What's that, again?

Glove

TO hit a little actress with a bottle and run away, as a youthful citizen did the other day, is an act which even a Hollywood film-director would usually shrink from, which is saying something.



Kindness to actresses on the West End stage is the hallmark not only of a man of breeding but of a skilled producer. (Tree and Gerald du Maurier are outstanding examples.) We knew one West End producer who would never strike a tiny actress on principle because (he claimed) it numbs their faculties, as with birds of Paradise. Teaching them their lines is arduous enough (he would say) without brutality. We heard him at rehearsal, and his method seemed admirable, going like this:

"Say 'Did you ring, Madam?'"
 "'Did you ring, Madam?'"

"Exquisite. Now make your entrance again, please, and say it just like that."

(A pair of big violet eyes fill dumbly with tears.)

"Too difficult?" (Sob.)

"Too much to remember?" (Nod and sob.)

"Joe."

"Sir?"

"Get me an axe."

"Yessir."

Sequel

THE axe was brought, but not used. The patient producer merely toyed with it during the next hour or so while the lesson proceeded, being aware that if he took a crack at the tiny helpless creature he'd get into trouble with the L.C.C. That may surprise you, but Theatreland is hedged round by the licensing authorities with all sorts of complicated tabus. Another one is that no box-office manager is allowed to kick an author while he sleeps.

Shade

IN the editorial offices of the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, if still existent, is a memorial-tablet recording that Slogger Kipling worked and wrote *Plain Tales* there. Noting that even the great *Calcutta Statesman* has now passed into Hindu hands, we couldn't help feeling that a nice macabre short-story might be draped round the occult influence of that tablet on the new occupant of Kipling's chair, if any.

That unfortunate Hindu would be undoubtedly haunted by the frightful Mrs. Hauksbee of *Plain Tales*, and this would drive him, being a journalist, to crime. If this took the form of murder, he would employ a special technique, we guess; beating people silly with Benares brass tea-trays or pelting them with a sequence of synthetic-ivory elephants ranging in length from one to twelve inches and in height from a half-inch to six. This is how retired Anglo-Indians are liquidated in Cheltenham, we understand. Bamboo whatnots are also used, likewise kukris, knobkerries, small models of the Taj Mahal, and (for colonels' wives) those vexing Hindu draperies encrusted with tiny winking mirrors.

Note that this Cheltenham technique is the reverse of what a BBC boy recently stigmatised as "vulgar crime," such as goes on at Broadcasting House. Relatively genteel methods, if you please, for relatively nice people.

Meditation

CITIZENS measuring six feet in length and over can now, we observe, acquire "austerity" quilts which will cover their enormous red toes as they sleep, the 68-inch regulation having been mercifully relaxed in their behalf.

Every giant (as a judge remarked to a champion boxer the other day) being born stupid, the Ministry will doubtless issue a leaflet telling long men how to cover their toes, since nobody else is likely to. The Race's passion for six-foot heroes died out with the fashionable Late-Victorian female novelists and the invention of Democracy. Barrie was the first to criticise the complacent six-footer's well-known habit of measuring himself in his socks in leisure moments—"an extra fling at shorter men, who before measuring put on their boots." The little king of whimsy forgot that very tall chaps have no other intellectual occupation.

Footnote

FREDERICK THE GREAT's theory that he could increase the number of his enormous Prussian Guards by mating them with enormously tall women and thus, as Dr. Johnson said, "propagating procreancy," was of course pre-Mendel and wholly unscientific. Moreover their home-life would not be happy.

And whilst our Soules negotiate there,
We like Sepulchral Statues lay;
All Daie, the same our Postures were,
And we said Nothing, all the Daie . . .

The only pastime of such a pair could be hanging towels playfully on each other's ankles as they stuck a yard out of bed. How soon this must pall.

Arcadiana

ALL the Government's agricultural marks seem to have left out of their recently-announced programme "to attract women to the land" is the opportunity for deceit and a little light perfidy, which (as an eminent Spanish philosopher of the 1890's, Angel Ganivet, sadly pointed out) is inseparable from the daintiest deeds of the mems.

Light perfidy on the Land generally follows the time-honoured routine outlined in the Bucolics:

My Phyllis me with pelted Apples plies,
Then tripping to the Woods the Wanton hies,
But wishes to be seen before she flies. . . .

The old Arcadian gambit. Rural wanton hits hayseed with apple; wanton flies; hayseed catches wanton and administers thick ear, leading to tears, laughter, archy-warchy, roguey-pogey, deceit, perfidy, and a broken hayseed heart. But before any wanton can chuck a single apple at a hayseed in 1947 apples would have to be imported from Australia, Nova Scotia, Fiji and Pogo-Pogo by a Fruit (Projectiles) Import Board, which means 500 new bureaucrats, which means housing, which means builders, which means tea every two hours, which means a Tea (Builders') Import Board, which means 500 new bureaucrats, which means. . . .

You see what enormous administrative machinery has to be set in motion before any pomiferous wanton today can indulge in a little traditional light perfidy? Not that apples are essential, they do say.

MAURICE MYLOUGHAN



"Why, Flossie!—I was just going to write to you"

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 5

Presenting a bird of markedly seasonal characteristics: a voracious feeder and hoarder, yet not without its attractive points



The Düs Bird or Volli-Vulture

(Wimbledon-Excelsia)

Adult Male: General colour red; inclined to tuftiness at extremities of the skull feathers; many of the species are found to have green growths above the eye sacs; beak roseate, inclined to carmine when over-exposed to brilliant sunshine or when embarrassed by contact with foreign body; often to be found with ruff of woolly neck feathers; body feathers white and sleek; legs often knobbly, white below knee-joint, and nimble. Game bird.

Habits: An interesting bird to watch feeding, but as such enormous crowds flock to watch it at feeding-time it is often impossible for the observer to catch more than a glimpse of its graceful movements as it flits around and about our English lawns. The bird feeds, almost exclusively, on

game. The species usually feed in pairs, sometimes confusing the issue by feeding in doubles. When one bird has managed to wrest a game from its fellow-feeder, it has an entertaining habit of leaping high into the air and uttering its peculiar jarring cry, a kind of "Hahajolibadlucsa." It is more entertaining when it misjudges its leap and tumbles on to its beak. All bright-cup-like objects have a strange fascination for these birds: they use them for lining their nests. The American members of this species are singularly successful at this latter habit.

Habitats: Grass lawns, especially those situated in Wimbledon district. Any open courts, if central.

Adult Female: Similar to the male. More graceful to look upon, their legs being less knobbly.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire



Tom Pearce, Essex captain since 1932, with his wife and children, Valerie, Christopher and three-and-a-half-year-old Rosemary



Middlesex captain R. W. V. Robins with Mrs. Robins, daughter of a former Lord Mayor of London, and Richard, youngest of their three children



Peter Cranmer, who captains Warwickshire, with his wife, her son Tim, and their one-year-old daughter, Sarah



D. R. Stuart

Hugh Bartlett, Sussex skipper, with his wife and their two sons, Peter, one-and-a-half, and Anthony

County Cricket Families

WINNERS and losers alike were unanimous after Doncaster's great carnival that each day's bill of fare was concocted by someone of Cordon Bleu class, and whether things worked out exactly according to the plan of every individual optimist, there was only one verdict so far as the meats and drinks were concerned. Even the snack bar department was not forgotten. There was plenty of it on the second day.

The *hors d'œuvres* on the first day were not the least attractive thing in the menu. What an appetiser for things to come is this French-bred colt Lerins, and how good is he now that he has made a hack of Pride of India, and looked as if another two furlongs tacked on to the end of the Champagne Stakes would have made no difference to him at all? When they win pulling up, as this one did, it is impossible to gauge how good they may be. The course was as fast as a slide, so we should be unwise to worry about the clock, but what does matter is that there was a true pace, and, at any rate, one in the race almost fast enough to catch pigeons up to five furlongs. When that distance, however, was reached, pretty little Queenpot had nothing more to say.

This defeat of the good-looking Pride of India was far more decisive than the one administered to him at Sandown on July 19th in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes by The Cobbler, and possessed the additional value of being over six furlongs instead of only five.

Lerins, Black Tarquin and Co.

THIS Lerins win makes it all the more regrettable that the analysts had no chance of seeing him cross swords with Black Tarquin in the Gimcrack. What future plans are I do not pretend to know, but if he were mine, I should now sit pat and put him in cold storage until the Guineas, or, perhaps, even the Derby, though, naturally, battle practice is worth ten times as much as a shoot on the range.

Black Tarquin, according to the gossips, is to have another race, but they seem doubtful about The Cobbler. I should think that there is plenty of time where Pride of India is concerned, for there is plenty upon which to work. If he is not a good one, then looks mean nothing. He is a big rangy colt and is bound to be a very strapping three-year-old. On looks I put him No. 1, and I am sure that the Goodwood win (Ham Foal Stakes) was nearer his right form than the Champagne at Doncaster. The time and distance of the two races were, incidentally, identical.

It was on this first day that there was all the "buzz" about Anwar's Great Yorkshire Handicap win, making the Leger a certainty for Migoli.

Trimbush Day

THOUGH some of us may regret that Mrs. Senior's gallant old steed was not allowed to continue in active service till the Cesarewitch, the tremendous reception he and the owner got when he came back to scale after the Doncaster Cup showed how pleased everyone was, quite apart from the nourishing price at which he started. Strictly on the figures, he would have been pretty certain to beat Monsieur L'Amiral in the big race in October. He had 9 st. 6 lb. in the Doncaster Cup to Monsieur L'Amiral's 9 st. 9 lb. In the Cesarewitch they are handicapped Monsieur L'Amiral 9 st. 8 lb., Trimbush 9 st., the distance being the same and only the courses different. Now, unfortunately, we shall never see it proved.

Many fingers must have been badly burnt over the Doncaster Cup, for the French horse was fairly plastered, and started at 5 to 4. If he had won, the Ring would have been hit for six yet once again; and he looked very like it three furlongs out.

Leger Day

THOUGH the complete absence of a chance for any British owner induced a somewhat flaccid interest, the actual upshot gave the public full value for money, and the great duel between an Indian-owned and a French-owned one was well worth the journey, and the attendant discomfort and expense. This country had a slightly greater interest in Sayajirao than in Arbar, and, ownership quite apart, I think everyone was genuinely pleased to see a colt always known to be top-class compelled to wake up and do himself justice.

Long ago I wrote that this fine specimen of a racehorse was like the other six sleepers of Ephesus. It gave many people a shiver to see him in the back row of the stalls for so long, but Britt rode him beautifully, and when he set about stoking the fire the result was a magnificent blaze. No doubt we shall be told that we must not overrate his quality because of Arbar; but then, there had been a Hallelujah Chorus for Migoli—and Pearl Diver, for another, is a good one. The course, in spite of the fine pad of grass, was enough to sow the seeds of laminitis, and Baron de Waldner's great colt liked it no better than his fellow-countryman, The Admiral.

I still believe that, if the going had been anything like favourable, Pearl Diver would not only have finished in front of Migoli, but joined in the free-for-all at the finish, and I hope that his owner intends to keep him in training to give us a chance of seeing a return battle in next year's Gold Cup. Sayajirao is to be allowed to do so, and if this other good colt is also there next year, we ought to see a real good fight.

Riding to Orders

FINE things, orders! But, of course, so much depends upon who gives them and whether he has the nous to recognise that the circumstance of conflict may completely alter the case and compel the jockey to do exactly as Lord Nelson did at Copenhagen. They say some people are riding to orders at the moment! There are cases in which the owner knows much more than the man who is merely going to ride the animal, and then, if things go wrong and the latter has not done exactly as he was told, he deserves all the nasty sarcastic remarks.

I vividly recall a case. The owner's name was Casey (Major A. V. D.) and the jockey's Dooley (both Irishmen!), and the former the star and pride of the famous Black and Tans—the hunt, not the policemen. Dooley had just handsomely lost a very nicely-placed investment by not doing as he was told. Next time out an acquaintance of mine was put up, given the same orders, obeyed them to the letter, and won with his toes in his boots.

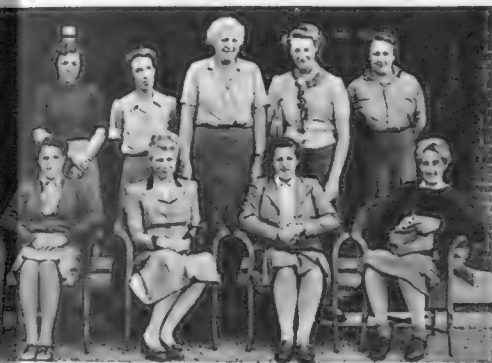
A dinner to celebrate was inevitable. When the obedient G.R. and another chap arrived at the "Meejor's" club the host was already crowned with the vine leaves and in that genially garrulous state that is amusing in small doses. "Did I tell yer now what I told that little blaygyard Dooley? Listen now, and Oi'll tell ye. 'Dooley,' Oi says, 'will ye do me a small kindness, Dooley?'—have some more fizzy wine, there's not a headache in a bucket of it—'Dooley,' Oi says, 'ye've got a face like a monkey but a kind heart, Dooley, do ye mind hitting 'im—two clips three fences out, for it's as lazy as David's sow he is—fill your glasses, it won't bite ye. Did I tell ye what I said to Dooley? And did 'e do it. He did not! And I ses to 'im, 'Dooley, now look at yerself with yer broken nose and your mouth full of teeth, and me with me pockets full of nothin'!' Did I tell you what I said to Dooley—the black-faced little ape? 'Dooley,' I ses to 'im. . . . But you must know the rest! It was nearly 2 a.m. before the party broke up! But the Major's orders were quite right, only I wish we'd been able to give that dinner the go-by.



Lady Katharine Cairns, youngest sister of Earl Cairns, playing for the A.T.S. She is a Senior Commandant



Miss Kathleen Garnham (W.A.A.F.) driving from the tenth tee, watched by her opponents, Miss M. Gourlay (A.T.S.) and Miss J. M. MacIntyre (W.R.N.S.)



The W.A.A.F. team: (standing) Miss Wallis, Sgt. Miller (res.), Miss Williams (res.), Miss Dix-Perkin and F./O. K. Whitehead; (seated) S/O. Davies, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Jean Donald (captain) and Miss Enid Wilson



The W.R.N.S. team: (standing) Miss Jean MacIntyre, Wren Woodhead (res.), 1st/O. J. C. Sutton, P/O. Wren Pearle, 1st/O. E. G. Lucas; (seated) Miss B. Sommerville, Miss W. Morgan (captain), Miss E. V. Paine and Miss C. Macgeagh



The A.T.S. team, including Ch. Comdt. Henderson, J./Cdr. Parks, S./Cdr. Style, Miss M. Gourlay, Lady K. Cairns, Miss J. Gordon and Miss Hampson

The A.T.S., the W.A.A.F., and the W.R.N.S. played the first Inter-Services Women's Golf Tournament on the lovely course at Beaconsfield Golf Club, Bucks, recently. Conditions were ideal for play, and after a very keenly-fought contest the W.A.A.F. won with $7\frac{1}{2}$ points against the W.R.N.S. 7 and the A.T.S. $6\frac{1}{2}$. Teams were seven a side and thirty-six-hole three-ball matches were played

Scoreboard



THE Pass of Glen Coe. For miles the wind is the only listener or speaker. Cataracts, motionless to the eye, drape the mountains; like white ribbons thrown, impossibly, over the shoulders of Adam; mountains that could crush irrelevant man like a chick-pea in a giant's nut-crackers. At any moment, surely, we'll meet King Lear, with the Fool half a yard behind, arguing madly with his master.

Instead, we saw two anglers, waiting on the fancy of fish, and not minding: hovering timelessly over water that is neither a private care nor a public fuss. The newspapers, bought by habit of adhesive civilisation, said it was Sunday; someone had gone off with someone else's wife and become, for the first and last time, an interest to neighbours and a food to the hungry reporter; someone had made a speech, rattling with clichés like a petrol-can full of pebbles; someone had said they wouldn't play football for somewhere unless someone else provided a desirable residence, two minutes from the railway-station, with H. and C., two gardeners and a full-sized billiard table. And Aberdeen, drat their impudence, had taken nine goals off my old pals Queen of the South, champions of cobble-streets Dumfries, where they quote Rabbie Burns as easily as the politicians quote the less felicitous speeches of opponents.

And a horse with a name half-way between an Indian statesman and an ex-Irish ballet-dancer had won a race, just as I said it would when I backed the one that dead-heated for the forty-second place. But no racehorse, however sympathetic with the financial projects of man, could be so accommodating as the indeterminate quadruped which gave up its private apartment, a tin hut, 8 ft. by 4 ft., for our stove and contingent

meal. "I will see," said our cook, in response to its polite but inquisitive gaze, "that you are not the loser."

AND still the rain poured and the wind roared when we came on an encampment of some half-dozen tents. They were climbers—not the Society ones—from Glasgow, maybe, or far Kilmarnock.

One was shaving, with water from a stream and cigarette-case as mirror. Another whistled "Lili Marlene" as he packed his week-end wardrobe of climbing-rope and two spare socks. We added a few cigarettes. No, no, he said; he would pay. And, as if for thanks, he pointed to a third camper who, in an ecstasy of gymnastics and abandon, whirled himself round and round a railing by the road, entertaining heavens and earth with kaleidoscope of face and bottom. Round and round, free and for nothing.

I THOUGHT, as I watched him, of the other rounds, the grooved and conventional rounds of man; round the golf-course; unsmiling, for 10,000 flickering dollars; unavailing, for the President's Pewter Pot and six hours and a paltry pound for a proud and myopic caddie; round the cycle of commerce, for unfulfillable orders and for ancient ill-told tales; round the ragged rocks—but, avault, misanthropy, or, maybe, indigestion. For here we are at Ballachulish; and there, at the streaming window of the principal hotel, stands another holiday-maker, like a ruminative polar-bear, wondering whether he'll go on watching the ferry or seep backwards to the Bridge table to knock merry Culbertson out of that dictatorial and red-nosed purveyor of cat's-meat from Birmingham.

Hail, Ballachulish, with your noisy sea and silent "c." Hail, and farewell; it is here, they say, that we must turn our Roman nose towards England, home, and reality.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"THE COUNTRYMAN AT WORK," by Thomas Hennell, is published by The Architectural Press at 12s. 6d., and has a memoir of the author by H. J. Massingham. The memoir, besides being an ever-welcome piece of Massingham writing, is necessary: Thomas Hennell was killed in 1945, while serving as a war artist in the Far East. He met his death at the hands of terrorists in Java.

"His desperate end," says the Memoir, "was in sharp contrast with the inconspicuous events of his life. It was spent at home at his father's Rectory at Ash, and at Ridley, near Wrotham, in Kent, in the company of his many friends and wandering the countryside in search of material for his drawings, paintings and writings after he had thrown up his very brief bondage as art-master at a boys' school in Bath in the early thirties of our century. . . . Hennell," the Memoir says later, "belonged to Kentish fields and orchards in exactly the same sense as Hardy and William Barnes belonged to Dorset, Gilbert White to Selborne, John Clare to Northamptonshire, and Jeffries to Wiltshire. He was so Kentish that, as Dr. Delmar Banner told me, 'he did not enter into mountain nature.' Though he stayed with him in Westmorland, he never painted mountains."

HENNELLS death followed by few, too few, years upon his recognition as one of the most distinguished of the younger British water-colourists and draughtsmen. This recognition was, Mr. Massingham says, the second dominant event in his life: a "double-flowering" which occurred in 1943, when he received an official commission as a war artist in Iceland, and his water-colours of Icelandic subjects were exhibited in the National Gallery.

It was not exactly, Mr. Massingham says, that Fame flew in at his window one morning and sang him awake—he was already a member of the Royal Water Colour Society, and had exhibited at the New English Art Club, of which he became a member in 1943. He had also published three books. All the same, here we have a case of a man presented, fairly well on in life (he was forty-two when he was killed in Java), with a success—or, better, an acclamation—he was not to live to enjoy. Though *would*, one wonders, the Hennell of the Massingham memoir have enjoyed it? The whole picture is of a man of complete detachment, of that equally-blended fiery humility and pride known only to the innocent heart, loving life and his art for its own sake, asking nothing of the world which success-values, perhaps disastrously, rule.

In fact, it may have been the impact of the world—at its most astray, mechanised, commercialised and so-called modern—which accounted for what Mr. Massingham calls the first dominant event in Hennell's life—the breakdown: those three years of derangement, official madness. Whatever he went through (and he has left records) he purged, in those years, his system of all intruding evils—his friends' memories of him, after his reappearance, are of a rocklike sanity, an unshakable, fearless health of mind. He was ready to take what came—and what was to come was war:

"The Countryman at Work"

"The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds"

"Keeping House for Jan"

the release and outcome of those devilish influences in modern civilisation which he had felt, and to which his own lonely ordeal of madness had been the reaction.

AFTER his return to life, and in the two years between his accession to fame and his death, his output was tremendous. So were his travels. This man of Kent, whose most far-flung journeys had, severally, been to Florence and Co. Cork, who had roved the southern counties of England, mile by mile, district by district, afoot or on a bicycle, now took plane and, as war artist, put girdles round the embattled earth.

"Springing to and fro over Western Europe after Iceland, flying to Burma and India, recording the surrender of Singapore, flitting between Orchard Cottage at Ridley and the Palace of the Sultan of Johore, drawing and painting as one possessed with the joy of creation, he yet found time," Mr. Massingham says, "to illustrate a book of mine and two

books by Mr. C. H. Warren, and to write *British Craftsmen* (1943) for the 'Britain in Pictures' Series."

This present posthumous book of Thomas Hennell's, *The Countryman at Work*, comes to us at a time that he might have wished. Intended, by The Architectural Press, to act as a final tribute and a memorial (the pieces of which it is made up having appeared, between 1941 and 1943, in *The Architectural Review*) it comes, just now, as Hennell's message to England. To an England called on to be true to her nature and to draw on her inborn, age-old strength.

In these pages, we have the England that goes on whatever happens—the busy, doughty, sane, independent England of craftsmen and workers with the hands. Hennell, in drawings and writing, records a life which has very little changed since the days of Shakespeare, a life to which streamlining, chromium-

plating, heating, air-conditioning, the cinema, the luxury bar and the switch-on-labour-saving device have always been foreign. An England of cold winters and plain tables, of hard-bitten people getting on with the jobs their ancestors handed down.

AND, my heavens, his sense of the salutary is saving! Is it possible that this loss-of-the-standard-of-living fear is becoming a racket? Are we, then, to accept that we have become a race of affrightable townees, dependent on knobs and switches? Thomas Hennell's voice, after death, speaks out to us—surely not.

He writes of, and draws for us as he goes along, the Basket-Maker (we meet Turner's, of North Kent, "Estd. 1715"), the Scythe-Smith, the Woodman, the Cooper, the Potter



Lettie Rogers, the U.S. author of "South of Heaven" (8s. 6d.), a first novel published by Collins this year. She was born and brought up in Central China, and the novel embodies her experiences there

RECORD OF THE WEEK

SWEET BIRD, Penseroso's Air, by Milton, with music by Handel, is sung in English by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf. She is now appearing with the Vienna State Opera Company at Covent Garden. On her record she is accompanied by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted with skill and intelligence by Josef Krips.

As a League of Nations student, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf came to England and studied English. She first recorded in 1937. It would be wrong to say that we have no English sopranos of merit at the present time, but I have not been fortunate enough to hear a recording recently of any soprano who has produced the rich quality and fine interpretation we have been given by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.

Nieder Mayr plays a flute obbligato beautifully, but it is the Schwarzkopf's exquisitely clear voice and her effortless singing, a thing all too rare with sopranos to-day, that completely holds one's attention. The record is issued by Columbia (LX. 1010). **Robert Tredinnick.**

(hard-pressed by mass production, but still working), the Hurdle-Maker, the Blacksmith, the Rope-Maker, the Wheelwright and Wagon-BUILDER, the Ladder-Maker, the Windmill, the Hedger, the Kentish Thatcher, the Windsor Chair-Maker, the Cider-Maker. . . . In some cases, his subjects have been barely-surviving, but still undaunted, types. In all cases, they are traditional hand-workers, many in the Home Counties, some in or from East Anglia, some in the West. Not only friendliness, not only a frequentation by Hennell of hedgerow, workshop, drying-ground, smithy and mill, but a close, respectful, and fascinated interest in the craft for its own sake have given us this writing and these drawings.

For those—and I think there are many—who share Hennell's bent of mind, his attraction to process, to knowing how things are made and done, *The Countryman at Work* will become a classic. To more town-bound victims of the up-to-now-streamlined age, the book should come as an eye-opener. All should see it.

FERRIS GREENSLET'S *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds* (Benn; 21s.) is of double interest. It is the biography of one of the oldest, and leading, families in the United States, and it is the first volume of a series entitled "The American Library," sponsored in this country by Messrs. Benn. The Earl of Halifax's Foreword to the book has reference to its importance in both aspects. As to the second, he says:—

Politically our two countries have separated, but intellectually their union remains unbroken; and this circumstance has had incalculable effects upon history. It largely explains why it is that when great and fundamental issues have arisen, the United States and the British Commonwealth have marched together. This coincidence is not, as people in other countries have sometimes supposed, the contrivance of a dark diplomatic conspiracy: it is the spontaneous and inevitable reaction of minds which have been moulded by the same forces. Nor will most men hesitate to claim that this reaction has been in the best and truest interest not only of Britain and America, but of all mankind, which, without it, would have suffered irreparable loss.

If this be conceded, we must surely value anything that brings new strength and meaning to the literary relationship between our countries. For the relationship has not always been easy, possibly because its significance has not always been understood. For many years it was embittered by differences on the subject of International Copyright; and it is an encouraging sign of change for the better that while to-day in law the British author has little, if any, more protection than he had a hundred years ago, in fact, his interests are scrupulously and honourably defended. . . .

Or, on the other side of the reckoning, there was the Victorian traveller's unfortunate fondness for

visiting the United States, and subsequently recording his experiences in a way that took little account of the feelings of his recent hosts. . . . But this habit, too, like literary piracy, has happily passed; and such books, when they appear in these times, show larger understanding. Indeed, the relationship may be said to have found a new footing. . . . It is in this connection that "The American Library" has, in my judgment, an especial value. . . . The contributions are to be American books, written by and for Americans, without a thought of foreign readers. They are, therefore, immune from the self-consciousness of the author who is tempted to look back over his shoulder to judge how his words will strike some reader far away; and for this reason alone the results are likely to be more impressive.

MR. GREENSLET's chronicle of the Lowells is, in the view of our former Ambassador in Washington, a good case in point. Beginning with the patriarchal Percival Lowell's (then, Lowle's) setting sail from England in 1639, and establishment of himself and his family at Newbury, Massachusetts, we follow the fortunes of his descendants. The history of the Lowells is, in effect, the history of New England. This family, already honourable in its English past (which has been summarised in the opening chapter), carried across the Atlantic, from the Old World, qualities which it was to contribute to the building and moulding of the New.

The original Percival was, like those other New England forefathers of which America is

so rightly proud, a man not only of property but of character: he, like they, took ship in search of "liberty of thought and action." That concept of liberty was to play its part in the founding of a civilisation; and no one, by Mr. Greenslet's showing, upheld it more truly than the succeeding Lowells. The family left its mark on seven different eras of American history—which, in the title's sense, are the "seven worlds." The New World, Revolution, The Turbid Time, Periclean Age, Civil War, Victorian New England, and New World Again—these are the "books," or phases, into which Mr. Greenslet has divided just over three hundred years. In each, some prominent Lowell holds the scene.

Their spheres were diverse—law, religion, industry, international commerce, culture, scholarship, philanthropy, scientific discovery. The Lowell name was inseparable from Harvard University. Virtually, one may say, they were the aristocrats of a democracy—a close corporation, inter-marrying, showing ever more marked family traits. Their ramifications, as traced (with astonishing clearness) by Mr. Greenslet, are enormous; the "clan" characteristics were strong. A family's coming to power in a new, or even an old, community is not unique—what is unique, in the Lowells' case, is that power never seems to have been abused.

The chronicles of the good are, alas, very easily dull: it says much, I think, for Mr. Greenslet's humour, range and general narrative power that *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds* should be, as reading, such sound entertainment.

For one thing, he has succeeded in differentiating each of his characters from the family type—outstanding Lowells, such as Old Percival, his son the Divine, the Old Judge, the Old Judge's eldest son "the Rebel," John Amory (the industrialist of the happy mill-girls), and the "Beau Sabreur" (Colonel Charles Russell, killed in the Civil War), are given their full aura of personality. Lowell homes and houses; courtships and marriages, travels abroad, correspondence, and achievements in New England public life, fill pages. Of the two Lowells whose names are most familiar to us—James Russell, ambassador and poet, and Amy, distinguished, eccentric poetess—we have detailed portraits. This is a rewarding book.

"KEEPING HOUSE FOR JAN," by Maxine Hewson (Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.), is a light novel which is not—or so, at least, I found—quite such fun as it should be. Edda, a girl of the Devon moors, with complexion to match, falls in with a male beauty-specialist on holiday, crosses his path again in London, and agrees to keep house for him, ever so platonically, in his Mayfair flat. Jan de Crespigny not only "makes faces" but breaks hearts, and the barring of the flat door, at all hours, against love-maddened female clients is the chief among Edda's few duties. One lady does succeed in getting into the bath.

This novel could be vulgar; but it is not that either. I think perhaps one trouble is that the setting, presumably pre-war, seems faded and out of date. It's not that Miss Hewson can't write—I hope she will try again.

Mr. Milne Takes Tea

Mr. A. A. Milne, here at tea with his wife in their delightful old farmhouse at Hartfield, Sussex, is chiefly thought of (somewhat, it is rumoured, to his own disgust) as the creator of Christopher Robin and his friends, who have given so much pleasure to children. But his triumph in this infinitely difficult mode is only one of many. *The Red House Mystery* was an early landmark in the detective fiction of the 'twenties, and *The Dover Road* is but one among many well-remembered plays. He is also a dialectician whom few would provoke rashly. Mr. Milne, who is a graduate of Trinity, Cambridge, married Dorothy de Sélincourt, and they have one son. He wrote his autobiography, *It's Too Late Now*, in 1939



Photograph
by
Studio 'Lisa

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Bartolmé — Irvine

Mr. S. Martin de Bartolmé, younger son of Lady Martin de Bartolmé, married Miss D. Irvine, youngest daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. E. Irvine, of Wotton-under-Edge



Ashenhurst — McDaniel

Mr. C. G. Ashenhurst, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ashenhurst, married Miss Doreen McDaniel, daughter of the late Mr. J. V. McDaniel, and of Mrs. McDaniel, at All Saints', Blackrock, Co. Dublin



De la Motte Hurst — Evan Smith

Mr. K. R. de la Motte Hurst, only son of Capt. Victor and Mrs. de la Motte Hurst, of Durban (formerly of East Grinstead), married Miss Isabelle Evan Smith, elder daughter of the late Mr. H. Evan Smith, and Mrs. K. Evan Smith, of Beauvoir Lodge, Cophorne, Sussex, in Durban



Dyer — Drake

Mr. Rex Mulroney Dyer, only son of Major and Mrs. I. R. Dyer, of Hartmoor, Slapton, Devon, and the British Council, Jerusalem, married Miss Lavinia Ann Drake, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Frederick Drake, of Walkern Croft, Stevenage, Hertfordshire, at St. Peter's, Stevenage.



Dunne — Chance

Major Terence Ffolliott Dunne, Royal Artillery, only son of the late Capt. and Mrs. Dunne and nephew and adopted son of Brig. and Mrs. Douglas Campion, married Miss Marjorie Chance, youngest daughter of the late Sir Arthur and Lady Chance, at St. Patrick's, Glencullen, Co. Dublin



Barnsdale — Carver

Mr. Anthony Barnsdale, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Barnsdale, of the Manor House, Frensham, Surrey, married Miss Penelope Carver, daughter of the late Mr. Carver, and of Mrs. S. R. P. Carver, of Highlands, Farnham, Surrey



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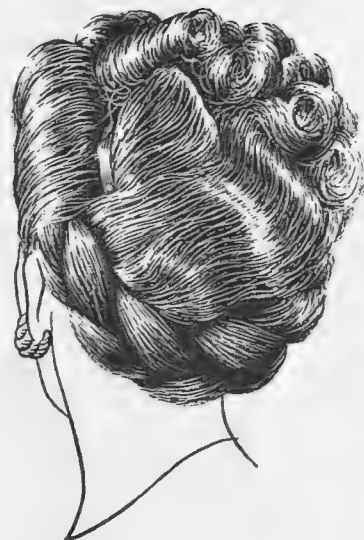
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LONDON FASHION OPENINGS

FASHION PAGE

by

Winifred Lewis



Right:
Molyneux's soft grey wool afternoon dress has a swathed sash from the neckline which winds about the waist and falls in long soft ends. Sash ends, hem and sleeves have a self-fringe trimming



Above:
Peter Russell's restaurant suit in black grosgrain has a blouse of palest pink lamé



Above:
Digby Morton uses black velvet as a wide edging to a black wool coat which is worn over a matching dress (top)



LONDON'S winter fashion season opens on a muted note. It is as though austerity were elegantly veiled to conceal her true identity. Despite the war which rages about the long-skirted silhouette, the overall impression of the model house Collections is emphatically one of good sense prevailing over eccentricity. Skirts are longer, waists are narrower, but the effect of these fundamental changes is merely to emphasise the essential femininity of the new clothes.

Coat lines are loose, with a curving silhouette for country and travel. For formal wear they are short, nipped at the waist and flaring at the hips.

Digby Morton uses black wool and velvet repeatedly for coats and suits; *Molyneux's* superbly simple and wearable collection is marked by the use of cape sleeves. *Peter Russell* introduces colours of amazing subtlety, "Phantom Brown," "Underleaf Green" and "Windsor Blue."

Evening dresses, lavishly embroidered, show no definite trend.

Left:
Angele Delanghe uses black taffeta for a cocktail dress with wide epaulette shoulders and ballooning hips and sleeves



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—at her image in the mirror; and was
satisfied; and went on, secure in beauty, to
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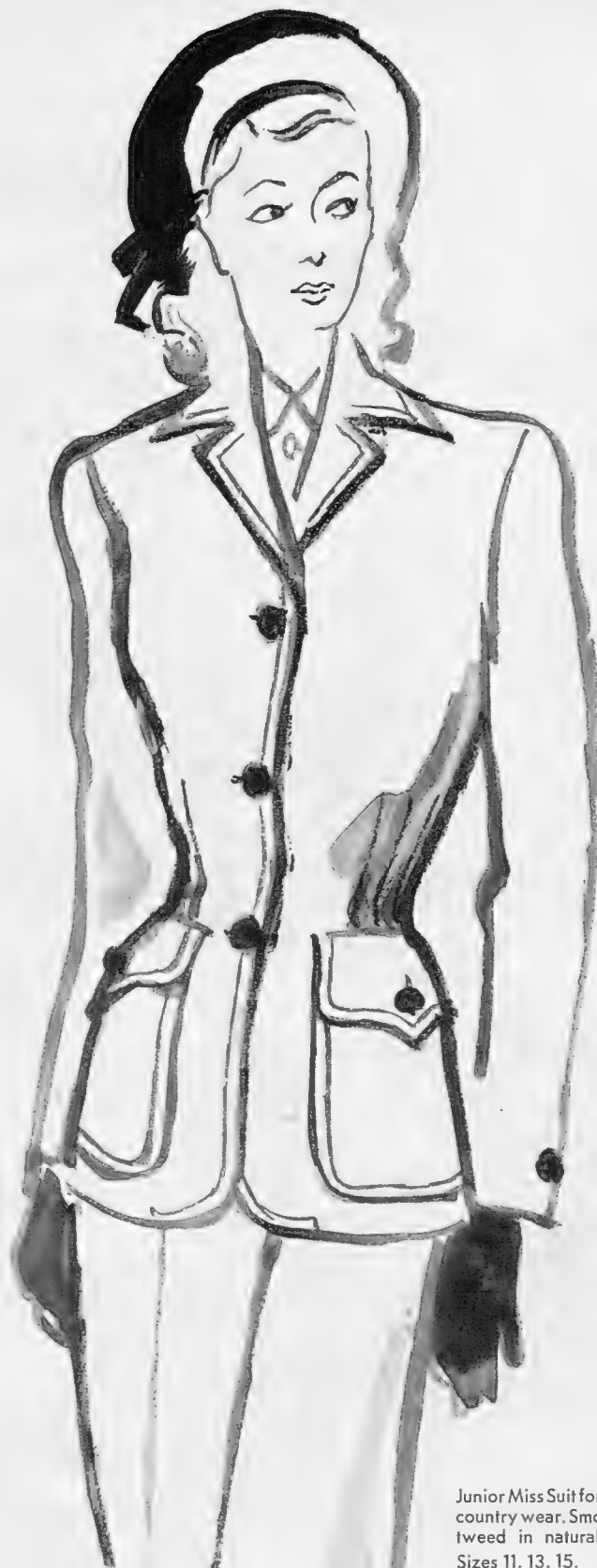
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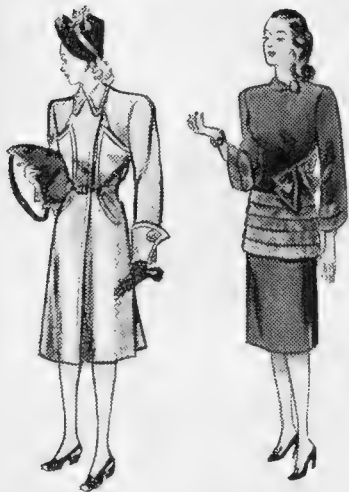
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



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Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, youngest daughter of Major Guy Lloyd, D.S.O., M.P., and Mrs. Lloyd, of Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire, who is engaged to Mr. Alistair Denny, elder son of Sir Maurice Denny, Bt., and Lady Denny, of Gateside House, Drymen, Stirlingshire



Hay Wrightson

Miss Rosemary Salmond, daughter of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Lady Salmond, of Lyminster House, Lyminster, Sussex, who is engaged to Mr. Nicholas Mosley eldest son of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bt., and the late Lady Cynthia Mosley



Miss Grizelda Mary Packe, second daughter of the late Lt.-Col. W. Packe and Mrs. Packe, of Elmfield, Bromley Common, Kent, and Lieut. Lord Keyes, R.N., son of the late Admiral of the Fleet Lord Keyes, and of Lady Keyes, of Tingewick House, Buckingham, who have announced their engagement



Bertram Park

The Hon. Sarah Ismay, second daughter of General Lord Ismay and Lady Ismay, of Wormington Grange, Broadway, Worcestershire, is engaged to F/Lt. the Hon. Wentworth Beaumont, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Allendale



Fayer

Baroness de Rutzen, only daughter of the late Sir Henry and Lady Philipps, of Picton Castle, Pembrokeshire, who is to marry Lt.-Col. the Hon. Randal Arthur Henry Plunkett, only son of Lord and Lady Dunsany



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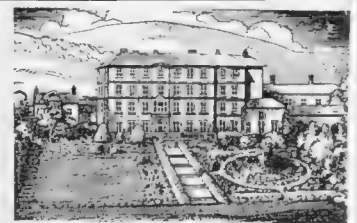
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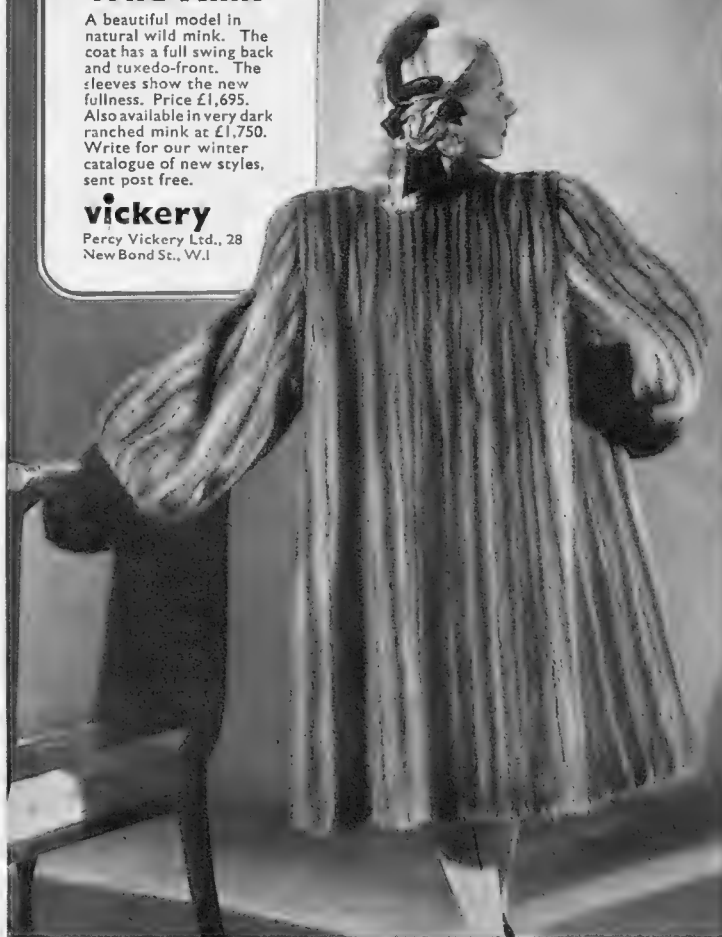
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Oliver Stewart

on FLYING

MANY Londoners who watched the Royal Air Force fly-past in the Battle of Britain celebrations must have wondered how the country's state of air war "readiness" today compares with that in 1939. When the war came most people had a profound faith in the Royal Air Force.

They knew it to be small; but they believed it to be equipped with the best aeroplanes and they knew that the officers and airmen possessed the kind of determination that wins battles. They had read about the Hurricane and the Spitfire; the Wellington and the Blenheim. They had watched R.A.F. flying displays.

What is the position now? Would the man in the street feel equal confidence in our air strength if war came? The answer is: No. But the reason has nothing to do with any fundamental change in the character of the people or the ways of the officers and airmen of the R.A.F. It has to do with lack of information.

The man in the street no longer has a Royal Air Force Display from which he can roughly judge the state of the Service for which he pays. He is no longer told where or what the squadrons are. He is left completely in the dark about new aircraft. He knows nothing of the shaping of policy to meet atomic bomb and guided missile developments.

To Know or Not to Know

THIS secrecy may be right. It is considered right by the Russians. Our Air Ministry has followed the Russian method. It says to the man in the street in effect: You are an ignorant ass and no good purpose is served by telling you what we are doing with the Air Force. We know what to do; you don't. Leave it all to us.

Perhaps one would believe that sort of statement had it not been for past experience. Past experience shows that Ministries with all the information at their

command can be more disastrously wrong than the general public.

I confess to feeling uneasy at the moment about our jet bomber position. I do not know what the atomic policy is; but I do know that we are building jet bombers. I also know that we are being remarkably slow and remarkably petty about building them.

The Ministry of Supply announced the other day that one twin-jet bomber, and one four-jet bomber had been ordered. It announced that unorthodox wing shapes might be found necessary in new jet bombers. But surely the Germans were showing us all about unorthodox wing shapes (Messerschmitt, Arado, Junkers) before the end of the war. Surely quite a large number of twin-jet and four-jet bombers have already been flying in other parts of the world.

It seems to me that the public might well feel anxious about the situation. It should demand (if it still has any power to demand anything), to know why we are so behind with this work. It should want to know why so few orders for these machines have been placed.

Freighting—and the M68

THAT air freighting may offer larger opportunities for development than any other branch of flying is gradually being appreciated. And the more I think about it, the more certain I feel that the Miles brothers have struck the right idea with their M68—a machine I have already briefly described.

The idea is not fundamentally new; it is only new to aviation. Long ago there were large box containers which were so constructed that they could be fitted on a lorry chassis, in a railway truck or in the hold of a ship. The goods were packed in the container and were not unpacked or handled again until they reached their destination.



The R.A.F. Fencing Team which took part in the inter-Allied sporting contests in Battle of Britain week photographed with the Chief of Staff, Lord Tedder. The fencers are F/Lt. Turner, F/Lt. Reed and Wing Cdr. Digby

But we have got so used to thinking of an aeroplane fuselage as one and indivisible that it must have needed a vigorous piece of original thought to devise a fuselage in three parts, the centre one being the box container.

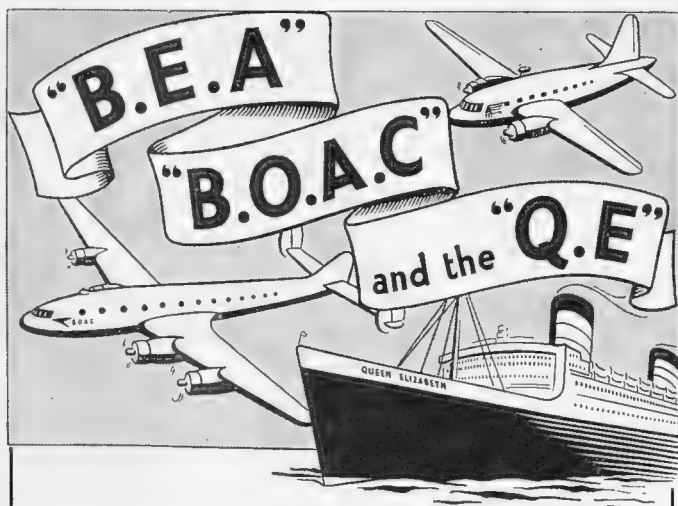
The demonstrations at Radlett showed that the mechanical problems had been neatly solved. The progress of the M68 will be worth watching.

Small Aircraft at Radlett

IN my comments on Radlett I had little chance to deal fully with the small machines. I would like to single out for special notice the Newbury Eon and the Heston A.O.P. The Eon is a simple and sane design, and the way it behaved in the air, both when demonstrating and when acting as a tug for the glider, made me think that a new light aeroplane is entering the field and one that may yet become world famous.

As for the Heston, it is extremely ugly when in flight; but I single it out for the fine workmanship. It is a beautifully made machine. I have not yet examined the performance figures, but its special shape (twin booms and propeller) and its slot and flap equipment should give it the kind of speed range and the field of view that are said to be required for Air Observation Post work.

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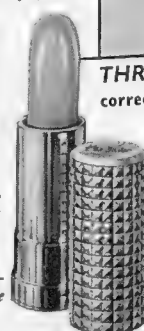
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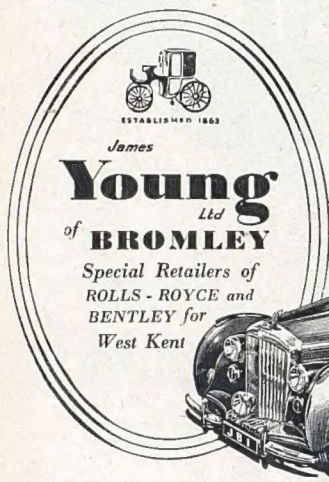
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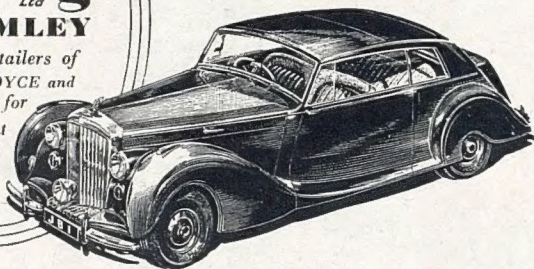
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